

Catholic Digest

THE GOLDEN THREAD OF CATHOLIC THOUGHT

Vol. 9

JULY, 1945

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CATHOLIC DIGEST

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

Converse ye in fear during the time of your sojourning, knowing that you were not redeemed with corruptible things, as gold or silver, but with the precious Blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted. Knowing that you were not redeemed with corruptible things, as gold or silver.

From Matins of the Feast of the Precious Blood.

THE CATHOLIC DIGEST

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The policy of The Catholic Digest is to draw upon all Catholic magazines and books, and upon non-Catholic sources as well, when they publish Catholic articles. We are sorry the latter cannot be taken as a general endorsement of everything in the non-Catholic publications. It is rather an encouragement to them to continue using Catholic material. In this we follow the advice of St. Paul: For the rest, brethren, all that is true, all that is seemly, all that is just, all that is pure, all that is lovable, all that is winning—whatever is virtuous or praiseworthy—let such things fill your thought.



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These Are Americans

Red badges for courage

By QUENTIN REYNOLDS

Condensed from *Collier's**

In Agaña, capital of Guam, there are two cemeteries, one very old, the other new.† In the new cemetery there are 1,000 white crosses in neat rows.

It is a strangely peaceful setting, because on all sides there is nothing but destruction. Before our Marines landed on Guam last July, the Navy bombarded Agaña until not a house stood intact. The town was rubble. Even the palm trees fringing the shore were broken, their tops cut off by shells as cleanly as though with giant machetes. But now, after ten months, the people are forgetting the horror of 32 months of Japanese occupation; time is dulling the memory of nights of terror and of watching old friends die. In Guam now, people who had almost forgotten how to smile are laughing again. And every Sunday they gather in the church that stands between the two cemeteries.

The people of Guam are one of the

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, Oct., 1940, p. 94.

most honest, decent, attractive peoples on earth. Thousands of Marines, soldiers, and naval personnel are getting to know and respect them; many marry them; and a great many more swear they will return to this green friendly island in the central Pacific when the war is over.

Meet them on Sunday after Mass (98% of the 23,000 natives are devout Catholics) as they stop and talk with their priest and their neighbors. First there is 29-year-old Father Calvo, good-looking and filled with such holy zeal that hard-boiled Marines say in awe, "The guy is a saint."

Before the war came to this quiet, dignified people, they had six churches and 12 chapels, staffed by Capuchin missionaries and two native priests. The Japanese permitted only the two native priests to remain. One of them, Father Jesús Basa Duenas, was beheaded for withholding information. Fa-

ther Duenas knew where radioman Tweed was hidden, but torture could not open his mouth. And so he died for his Americanism, and that left Father Calvo alone.

Ten days after the occupation (Dec. 17, 1941) the Japanese called all the people of Agaña together, and they came with Father Calvo. Now they would know their fate. They assembled in the green plaza in front of the cathedral, and Father Calvo mounted the steps. By unspoken yet unanimous consent, he would represent them. The Japanese officer in charge barked out an order. When the priest failed to answer, he struck him savagely across the mouth. There was a horrified gasp from the crowd, and a thin trickle of blood ran down the priest's face.

An interpreter was brought and again the officer gave his order: "Tell them to tear down the cross from the cathedral."

This time Father Calvo understood. To oppose the order meant death, not only for him but for his people. He wasn't afraid to die. But had he the right to take their lives? And how could he help them if he died now?

His anguished soul cried out for guidance, and then his words came softly, "Tear down the cross." And it was done, for the people had faith in their priest.

That was the beginning of a reign of horror for Father Calvo. He rode all over the island giving spiritual consolation, telling his people, "One day the Americans will come." He had many sick calls during those 32 months.

Young Pedro Alvarez, just 17, was brought to the Japanese prison for questioning. Three days later he stumbled to his father's home back in the bush, bleeding from a dozen wounds. Pedro's father summoned Dr. Ramon Sablan, who shook his head and said quietly, "Get Father Calvo."

The priest mounted a two-wheel cart drawn by plodding carabaos and went out into the night. He arrived in time to administer the last sacraments to the dying boy. He learned soon that such sick calls always occurred after someone had been taken to the prison for "questioning."

When George Tweed escaped, five other American seamen went with him. They were caught, made to dig their own graves. One of them asked for a priest. The Japanese laughed and swung their knives. Only once did they permit Father Calvo to solace a man about to be executed.

"After I had given the man what comfort I could," the priest told me sadly, "the executioner swung a heavy blade. His body fell into the grave, and the Japanese kicked the head in after it."

Father Calvo was questioned, for they suspected he had hidden Tweed in his home (they were correct, too), but he was finally permitted to go free, that is, as free as one could be. But time passed somehow, and the Americans did come finally, and now Father Calvo stands outside the church between the cemeteries and smilingly chats with old friends and many of his new friends of the Marines.

The natives of Agaña do not talk much of the past; they talk of the future when their six cities will be rebuilt under the supervision of the American military government; of the time when all wounds will be healed and the island will be theirs again. Even such a one as trim, smiling-eyed Agueda Johnston waved aside the past and asked me to visit her school.

"It is in the ruins of the old school," she said apologetically, "and has no roof. But we have built a small annex, a tent with partitions but no sides, and it is all right."

Mrs. Johnston is 52, though it is hard to believe, and one day, no doubt, the people of Guam will erect a statue of her in front of the school as an inspiration to the children of the future. It was she who collected food and sent it to Tweed. But the invaders caught on, and brought the cultured woman to the prison for questioning. They stripped the clothes from her back and the lash screamed 25 times through the air to cut jagged bits of flesh from her frail body. But she never so much as whimpered.

She was even denied the mercy of the oblivion which such pain usually induces. She stood erect, five feet, one inch, and 100 pounds of her, until the blows forced her to her knees; but her spirit did not bend. Even when she lay there in a pool of her own blood, she raised her head defiantly and laughed at the beasts who thought they could break her.

Agueda Johnston is the uncontested First Lady of Guam. Born here, she is

typical of the gracious, laughing-eyed people of the island. She began teaching in the native schools when 16, and has never stopped. The people call her *Maestra*; not "a teacher" but merely Teacher, as though she were the only one.

Her life really began in 1911 when she married William Gautier Johnston of Franklin, Tenn. He was a six-foot-two Marine stationed on Guam. He had graduated from Peabody college and, because of his background, was detached from the Marine service and assigned to teach English to native teachers, who in turn would teach the children. His most promising pupil was Agueda Igleses. Agueda's soft dark eyes, her rippling laughter, and fragile beauty completely won the big Marine, and in 1911 they were married. They raised seven children.

Mrs. Johnston never lost her love of teaching, and served as principal of the school, which soon grew to 500 pupils. They were a happy family. Bill Johnston prospered, owned property, and built Agaña's only motion-picture theater. Washington made him administrator of the department of public works. When he found that the rich oils of the coconut tree made fine soap, he began manufacturing it. And then the Japanese arrived.

They sent Bill Johnston to a concentration camp in Japan. Some months later his wife received word he had died. She couldn't break down: she had four children at home. More and more the enemy encroached upon her home life. They took her furniture,

silver, glassware, and finally her beautiful 75-year-old stone house was commandeered, and she and her children moved back into the hills to live the primitive life of their forefathers, subsisting on breadfruit, coconut meat, and bananas.

She worried about vivacious, beautiful Marian, 22, for the troops had their own uses for native beauty. If she couldn't protect her loved ones with her strength, she would do it with her brain. She circulated a rumor that Marian (as healthy a girl as ever lived) had tuberculosis. The Japanese heard it. They have a horror of the disease, and Marian was never molested.

Today, at officers' parties here, Marian dances the hula, and no native of Hawaii ever danced it more beautifully. When she dances, her mother looks on proudly. Yes, you would meet gentle, courageous Mrs. Johnston outside the primitive church by the graveyards.

You would meet a great many more, as your sons are meeting them now. You would meet Baltasar Jerome Bordallo, who is called B. J. by everyone in Agaña. They still remember the work he did on Dec. 8 when the world they had always known on Guam came to an end. B. J. was a very substantial citizen who had gone to Washington, D. C., as head of the Guam citizenship delegation.

Bordallo owned ten taxicabs, an automobile-accessory store, and two meat markets. He owned a 400-acre ranch in the hills, and a large stone house in Agaña, with a beautiful hibiscus-and-bougainvillea-framed patio. He rested

there comfortably that evening (when it is Dec. 8 in Guam, it is Dec. 7 in Pearl Harbor, 3,400 miles away across the international date line). His daughter Irene had just brought him a cold drink and had asked permission to go to the Gaiety theater that night to see the moving picture *Convoy*.

The ringing of the phone broke through their good-natured argument. The call was from the naval governor of Guam, Capt. George McMillan.

"B. J., the Japanese have bombed Pearl Harbor," the calm voice of the captain said. "They'll be here next. All civilians must evacuate Agaña. You and your taxi company will be needed."

The next morning, B. J. and his drivers began their work. It ended only when all civilians had been carted far back to the safety of the hills. Then the planes, the Rising Sun emblem gleaming on the green wings, came and bombed the Marine barracks at Sumay. B. J. moved his family and three others to his ranch. The Japanese landed, and he was ordered before the commander. His intelligence was good. He knew B. J. to be perhaps the leading citizen.

"You own 341 head of cattle," the officer said. "You will deliver them tomorrow."

They took his cattle, cars, three stores, and supply of meat. Because he was so prominent and so well trusted by the people, they made him head of the *Kyowakai*, a "cooperative association." The job of *Kyowakai* was to spread the story of Japan's expanding

glory in the Orient and the Axis conquest of the world, and to increase the productivity of the people in fields and defense plants.

By now most of the Japanese Army had left, and a Japanese civil government was in control of everything. All men were forced to labor in the rice fields and help build air strips. Their pay? One *go* of rice a day. A *go* is a handful. All children over 12 labored as adults. Only occasionally could B. J. alleviate the misery of his countrymen. Humiliation caused more pain than beatings. All natives had to bow when they passed Japanese on the street, and were not allowed to wear shoes.

Finally B. J. incurred the full wrath of the Japanese. He knew where the escaped Americans were hiding, they thought, and they brought him in for questioning. It was the same old story: a little worse this time because they also brought his wife and six children along. The baby was 16 days old.

"None of them cried," B. J. says proudly.

The questioning began. B. J. had often rehearsed this in his mind, and knew what to say. He parried questions. He knew nothing. Waiting in a corner of the room was a squat, fleshy Saipan native called the Lash Man. The officer, getting angry, motioned to the man from Saipan. The first blow fell across B. J.'s neck. The Lash Man had discarded his usual whip and was using a square club, a two-by-two. The next blow, across the kidneys, broke through the flesh.

Soon B. J. could no longer count the

blows. They fell everywhere, and he went to his knees. When he lost consciousness, they threw him into a cell. They beat him three times a day for the next six days; then all consciousness left him.

Four days later, he awoke at home swathed in linen bandages. The escaped Americans played solitaire in the caves behind the hills. B. J. had said no word. Somehow he recovered, continued to live, and time passed heavily, and only hope remained. Then prayers were answered. The Americans came. And each Sunday you meet B. J. and his family at church, chatting with Father Calvo after Mass.

You meet kids like that in the church here in Agaña, the church between the two cemeteries. And you meet wonderful older men, like Judge José Manibuson, who always takes up the collection for Father Calvo. He is the senior jurist on the island.

"You get used to almost anything," he says in his soft voice. "When we came back and saw the result of the naval bombardment, we were saddened a bit at first. We said, 'Now we have nothing under us and nothing over us.' But we found we had the soft earth under us, the glowing stars above us, and we are happy. And the Marines are fine. So are the Civil Affairs people, who are trying to rebuild our cities."

I have mentioned only a few of these gentle people who love their country so much. When they held a sixth war-bond drive in Guam, it was hardly reasonable to expect much. For 32 months,

the people had been getting less than two yen (about 5¢) a day from the Japanese for their labor, either that or a *go* of rice.

But to everyone's surprise, \$211,955 was subscribed, a subscription of \$15 per adult. Some of the money was dug up from hiding places in the jungle. One young man rode into Agaña in his bullock cart, his fortune of \$95 in long-buried nickels, dimes, and quarters, all wrapped in a pillowcase. Everyone who had any money bought bonds.

The Marines on Guam get along very well with the natives. In fact they have been completely captivated by the honesty, decency, and Americanism of the people. Whenever a shipment of candy arrives at the post exchange, it goes quickly, and an hour later you can see bright-eyed youngsters happily munching chocolate bars.

When our Marines landed, they had a few very bad days, because the occupying forces had guns on high ground back from the beaches. The civilians took every risk to sift through the Japanese lines and join up with us. A Marine major stumbled over a sick woman holding a half-starved child. This was on D-Day plus 3, when civilians had no right to be around.

The major dropped his gun and got a medic to take care of her. He took the child and got it some milk, powdered milk, to be sure, but milk. He all but adopted this baby, and asked the Seabees to make some clothes for the month-old youngster (Seabees, be-

lieve me, can produce even diapers and rubber nipples in a jungle). The half-starved child began to improve, and the major's men fixed up a crib in a foxhole, and worried more about that kid than about bullets.

More than once the major was obliged reluctantly to put down his rubber-nippled, milk-filled canteen to pick up a grenade or tommy gun, but no one thought it out of the ordinary.

His men now had even more respect for the major. They always knew he was a good soldier. He had shown them that at Bougainville, where he was wounded, and he had shown it at Guam, but they never knew he was an expert on babies.

"I got one of these at home," he explained. "So taking care of babies is routine."

Those Marines of ours make fine ambassadors of good will. I would like to add one more bit of evidence to show the relationship existing between them and the people of Guam. I was visiting a native family in a village we had hastily constructed; after all, we had completely destroyed their six cities. It was a nice little house. It had everything but a key to the door. I commented on this.

"A key?" The man of the house burst out laughing. "We don't need to lock our doors. We have several thousand Marines taking care of us. We don't need locks on our doors."

These are real Americans. There never were any quislings on Guam.

T21961 God Catches Up

By JOHN M. MARTIN

Condensed from *Maryknoll, The Field Ajar**

Last journey
Prisciliano looked like Lazarus the beggar as he sat at the door of his thatched-roof hut. His remnant of a shirt revealed nasty ulcers.

The old man turned his failing eyes to the dim interior and called softly, "Vicente!" A barefoot lad of nine pattered out of the gloom. "Vicente," said Prisciliano, "we are going on a journey. Your mother has been dead one week now, and you have no one but me. Only the good God knows how much longer I have to live, and I must pass my religion on to you before I die. I learned today that there is a *padre Americano* at St. Michael of the Toad. Get our belongings and we will start at once."

"But, papa," said Vicente (his mother always had called the old man papa), "there are no belongings."

"I have a staff, haven't I?" exclaimed the grandfather testily. "Seventy-three years need a strong support to carry them, but with a stick for a leg and you for my eyes, we ought to get safely to St. Michael."

Vicente led the old man toward the tall grass at the edge of the little village. The women, busy about their housework, called out "*Buenas dias!*"

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"To St. Michael of the Toad, to have Vicente baptized."

"Mother of God!" the woman ex-

claimed. "You are not going to St. Michael; you can't!"

"God will guide us on the highway."

The housewife snatched a half dozen tortillas piled near her stone stove, spread a spoonful of mashed beans on each, and wrapped them deftly in a small cloth. Vicente eagerly accepted the warm bundle and snuggled it against his bare body. The wind up in the mountains was cool, and the tortillas warmed his stomach outwardly as the thought of them sent an inward glow of anticipation.

Soon the two travelers had left the village, situated on a mesa, behind them, and began the steep descent down the dry bed of a creek which zigzagged its rocky way to the bottom of a gorge. There, in the clear mountain stream, they drank the refreshing water and bathed their hot feet. As they ascended the opposite side, Vicente wanted to leap forward and step lightly from stone to stone, but the old man needed his help.

They reached the mountaintop by sundown and could look back on their village. Old Prisciliano and young Vicente stretched themselves on the ground in sheer fatigue. Munching the cold tortillas, they fell asleep, clinging to one another for warmth.

During the next two days, the pair trudged up hill and down dale, the old

man's sores more wretched than ever, his feet cracked and torn by the rocks. Once, when hunger brought tears to Vicente's eyes, he felt like grumbling, "You said God would be with us, but He doesn't seem to be!"

He would not dare express such thoughts to his grandfather, though. Later he was glad he had not, for they came upon a bamboo house, and the wife of a woodchopper invited them to eat. "I guess God caught up with us," thought Vicente, trying to justify his earlier idea.

He felt better when the hot milk rolled around in his empty stomach, and wondered if Baptism could be felt inside, too. Then it was night again.

"This road we are following is called *El Camino Real* (The Highway of the King)," his grandfather was saying. "Two hundred years ago, the padres walked this highway, taking our Lord to all the people. This *camino* goes many hundreds of kilometers, for the padres journeyed as far as the United States of the North. But alas! I understand that today there are no more American Catholics. I must inquire carefully. I must make sure that this American padre is a real Catholic."

Two days later the pair reached St. Michael of the Toad, and went straightway to the home of Mama Sanchez and her husband, Three Kings. Mama ruled the house with her charity, and Three Kings was content that it should be so. She was rearing a brood of orphaned grandchildren, 13 in all, not to mention an assortment of pigs, chickens, and ducks, but there was plenty

of room in her heart and her crowded house for two more needy ones. Yes, she explained, the *padre Americano* was *bona fide*, and in the morning they could attend Mass and inquire about Vicente's Baptism.

"I haven't heard Mass in many years!" exclaimed Prisciliano, his misty old eyes blinking with tears. "But of course, we've had our Mother of Guadalupe with us always."

The next day the old man and the little boy waited for the padre after Mass and found him very *simpático*. Did Vicente know his *doctrina* and his prayers?

"Fairly well," replied Prisciliano, "but I will spend all this week helping him, and on Sunday he will be ready."

Then the padre turned his attention to the old man. He applied ointment to the sores, and bandaged them. Before long, he heard the grandfather's confession. "My soul must be healed first," Prisciliano insisted.

The old man and the boy returned to Mama Sanchez, who fed them well, because the padre provided for the extra pair. All the children had chores to do, so most of the day the house was empty. The old man would lie on the dirt floor with Vicente at his side, reviewing the doctrine.

Eyes closed, Prisciliano would address the ceiling, "How many Gods are there, Vicente?"

"Only one, papa."

"Say me the Hail Mary."

"Hail Mary, full of grace. . . ."

Finally, Sunday came, and Vicente progressed through the padre's exami-

nation with distinction. After Baptism, the old man confided to the priest, "God came to me first, more than 70 years ago, and now He has caught up with Vicente."

Then the two visitors started back to the mesa, despite the pleas of Mama Sanchez.

"No, I must go home and wait for

God to come for me," Prisciliano said.

The next day, Three Kings, who was searching for firewood, found the pair by the roadside, the little lad sitting silently and helplessly beside the lifeless body of old Prisciliano. The corpse was buried where it lay, and the boy was taken back to Mama Sanchez.



Countersign

"Name's Tod Hansen, Sir. Private first class. Outfit? 4th Marine Division, Sir, General Cates commanding. Where's my insignia? Well, howdy like . . .! *Excuse me*, Sir, still a little jumpy, I guess. You see, I hadn't expected to get here so soon and. . . .

"This smear on my cheek? Ha, ha! That's nothing, Sir, compared. . . . Yes, Sir. Mud, Sir. Some of the meanest muck in God's creation down there.

"Don't I like my outfit? Say, what is this, buddy? Are you cra—? Yes-sir! I like my outfit, Sir. They're my brothers. Swell guys, Sir! Why, there's Gene Barton now, Sir, coming up that path through the mists. Last time I saw Gene he was on the tail of a squirrel-puss with a flame thrower, hell bent. . . . *Excuse me*, Sir!

"I'm terribly sorry about this hole in my shirt, Sir. Never got around to havin' it sewed, Sir, if a little joke isn't out of pla—.

"You wanna know did I go to church? *Me*, a Marine? Well, yeah, I did at that, Sir, whenever the chaplain showed up. He was a great guy. Had a nice little talk with him not long ago, Sir. He was just starting to tell me. . . .

"The cross? Does the cross mean anything to me? Matter of fact, Sir, yes. This blood on my shirt, and on my face. See it? I think it's mine. But a little while back, I felt a bit drowsy. Sorta pulled myself up under the shadow of a tree, only the tree had two limbs, just like the cross. And I slept, at the foot of the cross. Looks like I was just wakin' up when you came along, Sir.

"Where was it I went to sleep, Sir? Gee, thought you'd know. Little dirty patch of island, name of Iwo Jima. . . .

"Okay to pass now, Sir? Thank you, Sir. Glad to see you're short of halos. This Marine helmet oughta do for the Reception. I don't think He'll mind the bullet hole. Do you, Sir?"

James C. G. Conniff.

Land of Opportunity

By JOSEPH DRISCOLL

Condensed from a book*

In Washington I have a dear friend with a daughter who has heard about Alaska. My old friend, who is known as Deacon because he has no worldly failings such as poker or high-balls, came to me for advice. The Deacon's daughter, it seems, is in the government service. But she has now been offered a government job in Fairbanks, Alaska, which will pay her the same salary, plus 20% bonus to take care of the higher cost of living in Alaska. The question put to me was: Should the Deacon's daughter snap up the Alaskan job?

"Yes and no, Deac," I said boldly. "I don't know your daughter, but I would say Alaska is the place for her if she is seeking fresh opportunities in a land with a great future. Girls are in demand in Alaska for all kinds of office work. If her ambitions run that way, there's no reason why she can't branch out into a business or profession for herself. Alaska, heretofore a land without people, is bound to develop rapidly from here in, and those who are there now can grow up with the country and get in on the ground floor.

"On the social side, your daughter should be happy. If she's a pretty girl, as no doubt she is, she can have dates seven nights a week. If she's on the plain side, she still can have dates seven

Future unlimited

nights a week. Girls are at a premium in Alaska. There are not many white people in Alaska to begin with, and most of them are males. Any eligible female will be simply rushed to death.

"Alaska, of course, is still a trifle on the primitive, frontier side. There are no big cities, no gay white ways nor Michigan Boulevards. The towns are small, few, and far between. But every town has at least one movie house and one place to dance. She won't find any dance bands or stage shows in Alaska, but the movies, the radio, and juke-boxes provide entertainment.

"If your daughter is the outdoor type, Alaska is her meat. In winter there's skiing, skating, sledding. In summer she can climb mountains. Then there's hunting and fishing the like of which is not to be had in the States. In Alaska it's not unusual to have a river or lake at your doorstep and a mountain or forest in your back yard. The scenery is too magnificent for words.

"If your daughter wishes to marry, Alaska is the place for that, too. She will not have to take any old man who comes along. She will be overwhelmed with proposals of marriage from the first week she arrives. And because women are scarce in Alaska, her husband will appreciate her all the more.

"Alaska is a good place in which to

*War Discovers Alaska. 1943. J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, 5, Pa. 552 pp. \$3.

bring up a family. Your daughter's daughters will have no trouble finding husbands in due time; they say every Alaskan girl becomes engaged at 12, if not sooner. Your daughter's sons will not run up against unemployment and relief problems. There will always be plenty of work in Alaska for willing hands."

I paused for breath, and my friend the Deacon interrupted:

"It's your idea then that I should advise my daughter to go to Alaska?"

"Yes and no, Deac," I hedged. "If your daughter is attracted to Alaska by that 20% bonus she will be disappointed. If that is the sole attraction Alaska has to offer her, she should not go. Not even for a 50% bonus."

Washington, D.C., is about the most expensive city in the country. And yet government figures show that the cost of living in Alaskan cities ranges from 70% to 150% higher than in our nation's capital; monopoly prices prevail.

One result of this is that homes in Alaska are smaller and less ornate than in the States. I have visited bankers and business executives who were living in frame cottages that were comfortable and cozy but certainly were no better than clerks might buy in the States. Building costs have always been high in Alaska, though never so high as today. Some years ago a syndicate erected the Baranof hotel, which is a remarkably cosmopolitan hostelry for a town the size of Juneau (normal population under 6,000). The Baranof cost more than \$600,000; it could have been built for \$400,000 in the States.

From the cradle to the grave, the Alaskan must pay bonus prices for everything. Fresh milk is virtually unobtainable, canned milk being an inevitable table decoration along with salt and pepper, but in the scattered places where cows graze, milk can be had for 25¢ a quart. Ice cream costs \$1 a quart, and is scarce, as are butter-milk and cottage cheese.

A bottle of beer that brings 10¢ to 15¢ back home costs 25¢ to 40¢ in Alaska. Hard liquor is in proportion and bartenders dish it out in one-ounce jiggers to wring the last ounce of profit out of a quart. (Alaskans consume more liquor per capita than any other Americans, as is shown by revenue statistics. Alaskans don't know whether to be proud or ashamed of this record. The Alaskan War Council headed by Governor Gruening is investigating complaints that steamers have brought cargoes of whisky and beer into Alaskan ports while leaving vital foodstuffs and machinery on the Seattle docks. Anchorage and Seward in particular have complained that, in effect, they ordered bread and got booze. More remote communities have run short on meats while their taverns were well stocked. For this state of affairs the steamship companies disclaim responsibility. They assert that they ship the goods as they come. Moreover, they point out that bottled goods can be hauled in any old hold whereas perishable foods must have special refrigeration. They say nothing about the superb profits derived from the liquor traffic.)

Many Alaskans have been living, and drinking, in fear that the authorities would impose an embargo upon liquor and beer shipments for the duration. To forestall such an embargo, they have been importing like mad. Already, or so I was told, Alaska has a two years' supply of liquor on hand.

Because of the transportation problem, Alaskans have not been forbidden to hoard food; on the contrary, they have been officially encouraged to buy whatever foods are available and hoard them against an evil day.

They say in Alaska: "Everything costs a dollar." That is about true, except that many things cost more than \$1.

The contempt of an Alaskan for a penny or two is something to see. If your laundry bill amounts to \$4.92, the laundry will total it \$4.90 rather than waste time with coppers; if the bills come to \$4.98 the collector will mark it \$5 without a word of explanation or apology.

Ham-and-eggs cost \$1. Double sirloin steaks may be had for \$4. Veal costs 60¢ a pound at the butcher. And thereby hangs a story.

For years the outrageously high cost of living in Alaska has been blamed on transportation tariffs, railroad, steamship, and airplane. Col. Otto Ohlson, general manager of the Alaskan railroad, enters a plea of not guilty, and declares the get-rich-quick spirit of pioneer gold-hunting Alaska is more to blame. The Colonel was riled when a Fairbanks meat dealer complained that the Colonel's railroad was charg-

ing too much to haul his freight. Investigation by the Colonel of one item, veal, revealed that the dealer bought his veal in Seattle for 16¢ a pound, paid 6¢ additional to haul it to Fairbanks by steamer and rail, and then retailed his 22¢ veal for 60¢.

When next he needed a haircut, a friend of mine went to a barbershop in Anchorage which previously had charged him only 75¢. This time, however, he paid \$1 with a smile, for the boss barber displayed a sense of humor. He displayed it on the wall in a placard reading:

"Haircuts now \$1—it's the freight."

And now if my dear old friend in Washington, the Deacon, is still waiting for a definite answer to his question as to whether his daughter should or should not go to Alaska, I shall say, "Yes, by all means. Alaska is an experience that no American should miss."

Alaska is the fastest growing dominion under the American flag. The 1940 census gave Alaska a total population of 72,524, an increase of 22.3% since 1930. This percentage of increase was exceeded by only two states in the Union — Florida and New Mexico. However, wartime conditions have brought about a phenomenal expansion, and Alaska now is growing more rapidly than Florida or any other place you can mention.

Even so, Alaska is so large that it remains sparsely settled. Millions who might settle there are discouraged by the inadequate schools, hospitals, and houses, as well as the exorbitant cost of living. A proper tax system would

help to provide the badly needed facilities of civilization. At present Alaska is the least taxed entity under our flag, and the sorry results of this criminal neglect are apparent to every traveler. Alaska has no big cities, but it has slums.

According to Gov. Ernest Gruening, the underlying issue, which will not down, is whether "the absentees who are stripping, and would continue to strip Alaska, shall through their resident lobbyists and representatives take it all; or, whether the people of Alaska shall take back their part for the improvement and welfare of the Territory which they want to call their home."

Alaska has known three generations of America. During the first generation, from Alaska's purchase in 1867 to the closing years of the century, Alaska lay empty, dormant, undeveloped. The rest of America was busy settling the Wild West. Then came the gold strikes in the Klondike, the Yukon basin and the Nome area. A second generation of Americans flocked into Alaska, expecting to get rich overnight and return home with their stakes. These hardy pioneers opened up Alaska, but many of them did not stay. Alaska struggled on with a scanty population. Today there is a third generation, Alaskan born and bred, which has no outside ties and which expects to live and die in Alaska. It is this generation which is the hope of Alaska and upon which Governor Gruening and crusaders of like mind and liberal ideas rely to free Alaska from the curse of absenteeism and neglect.

The first World War put a damper on Alaska's growth by drawing away thousands of able-bodied young men who went into the armed forces and did not return. The present war has had an opposite effect. The peacetime population has been multiplied by soldiers and construction workers from all over the States. Many are pleased with their new surroundings and have indicated their intention of staying on in Alaska when peace comes. With Alaska's third generation of Americans augmented by this new influx of sturdy manpower, Alaska should rise rapidly in population and eventually become the 49th state. In some respects Alaska already has much more to offer than several of our states.

Alaska has no greater champion than Maj. Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner, Jr., who has bought a homesite in Alaska and plans to settle there when his tour of duty is finished. Preferring Alaska to his native Kentucky, General Buckner has bought protected acreage outside Anchorage, overlooking Cook inlet. There he has the best view in all the Americas. In the Land of the Midnight Sun, the General's front yard offers a radiant view of the one and only Mt. McKinley, 185 miles to the north as the mail plane flies.

Alaska is no economic poorhouse. It is richly endowed and twice as large as Texas, which is pretty big, as any Texan will tell you. Because of its remoteness, Alaska has been sadly underdeveloped and underpopulated. That remoteness is now being ended through construction of airlines and highways

connecting with the U. S. Wartime spending has caused a boom in every Alaskan hamlet. After the war, many of our soldiers may elect to remain in Alaska and grow up with the country. They could do worse. But they could hardly do better.

I predict Alaska will grow by leaps and bounds. Qualified scientists say Alaska is a treasure trove capable of supporting a populace of 10 million in due time. I don't doubt this, and the time will come when the myths and lies about Alaska are buried with the fabulous fibs about the Great American Desert.

Matanuska is but one of several fertile farming regions in Alaska. And farming is secondary to the varied mineral resources, which have scarcely been tapped. In addition to the well-known reserves of gold, copper, and coal, Alaska contains silver, platinum, nickel, lead, tin, iron, zinc, chromium, quicksilver, antimony, manganese, molybdenum, tungsten, sulphur, arsenic, bismuth, marble, limestone, and petroleum. Alaska draws most of its petroleum from California and Canadian fields at Fort Norman, but the day may not be distant when Alaska will have its own gushers.

For comparison, attention is often called to the fact that Alaska lies in the same latitude and has climate similar to that of Sweden, Norway, and Finland, which manage to support large populations. That Alaska eventually may support 10 million, (instead of the 72,000 it had before the war) is the belief of Dr. Alfred H. Brooks,

first director of the Alaska section of the Geological Survey. Alaska could support in comfort a population of several millions, according to Tony Diamond, voice of Alaska in the legislative halls of Washington.

Alaska can be cold in winter, but so can the U. S. Alaska is an enormous country and, like the U. S., it does not have one climate, but several, which may be generalized as follows:

1. The southern coast region and the islands, which have cool summers, mild winters, and frequent light rains. Winter temperatures are higher than winter temperatures in St. Louis, Chicago, New York and Boston. Residents of the British Isles, British Columbia, Washington and Oregon would feel at home in the moderate climate of southern Alaska.

2. Alaska's interior, which has long, cold winters, short warm summers, and light rainfall. Interior residents are as enthusiastic about this weather as Californians are about their sunshine. Anchorage has the finest weather in the world, asserts General Buckner; Cap Lathrop says the same about his beloved Fairbanks.

3. The Arctic zone, which has still longer cold winters, short summers, very low precipitation. Enthusiasts for this special type of weather include the reindeer, the Eskimos, Stefansson and Charles Brower, "uncrowned king of the Arctic," who has lived in furred comfort for 50 years at Point Barrow, our Farthest North.

Apart from the U. S. armed forces, about 80% of the employment in

Alaska is concentrated in the fishing industry, and 15% in mining. Railroading, road-building agencies, and forest activities account for less than 5% in normal times. Work in those industries, especially in fishing, is confined chiefly to the summer months. Many of the laborers are imported from the States and take their earnings back. Profits from Alaska industries go to absentee owners; half of the wages are spent in the States; 90% of the home consumption in Alaska is of imported merchandise.

What Alaska needs urgently, according to Governor Gruening, Bob Bartlett, Secretary of Alaska, and other forward-looking persons with whom I talked, is an all-year industry which will support a sizable population and keep them and their earnings in Alaska. This may be found in the lumber and wood pulp of southeast Alaska. Already the government is cutting spruce there to build war planes. Fur-

ther, it is estimated that enough timber could be cut year after year to supply one-fourth of U. S. newsprint requirements.

After the war, Alaska should enjoy a revival, on a larger scale, of her tourist business. One hates to talk of business in connection with Alaska's scenic beauty, since this is beyond price. Only an inspired poet could describe it with justice.

With a view to ultimate colonization of the great open spaces of Alaska, the Department of the Interior has listed southeastern Alaska, the Kenai peninsula and the Matanuska and Susitna valleys as regions for large-scale industrial and agricultural exploitation. Those areas were selected because their climates are mild, they are closest to transportation facilities, and they are abundantly endowed with natural resources. The Indians were right when they called it *Al-ay-ek-sa*, meaning: the Great Land.



De-married

Divorce is a thing which the newspapers now not only advertise, but advance, almost as if it were a pleasure in itself. It may be, indeed, that all the flowers and festivities will now be transferred from the fashionable wedding to the fashionable divorce. A superb iced-and-frosted divorce cake will be provided for a feast and in military circles will be cut with the co-respondent's sword. A dazzling display of divorce presents will be laid out for the inspection of the company, watched by a detective dressed as an ordinary divorce guest. Perhaps the old divorce breakfast will be revived; anyhow, toasts will be drunk, the guests will assemble on the doorstep to see the husband and wife go off in opposite directions, and all will go merry as a divorce court belle.

G. K. Chesterton.

Table Manners

By W. L. SPEIGHT

Condensed from the *Rosary**

Forks versus fingers

Italians were probably pioneers in the use of the fork, in general use in Italy among Churchmen and nobility in the 15th century, although perhaps another 100 years passed before it was taken up widely in other parts of Europe.

In a book by Thomas Coryat, *Coryat's Crudities Hastily Gobbled Up In Five Months Travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Etc.*, published in London in 1611, we read: "I observe a custom in all those Italian cities and towns through which I passed, that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels, neither do I think that any other nation of Christendom doth use it, but only Italy. The Italians, and also most strangers dwelling in Italy, doe alwais at their meals use a little forke when they cut the meate; for while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meate out of the dish, they fasten their forke which they hold in their other hande, upon the same dish, so that whatever he be that sitteth in the company of any others at meate, should unadvisedly touch the dish of meate with his fingers, from which all at the table doe cut he will give occasion of offence unto the company as having transgressed the laws of good manners, insomuch for his error he shall be at least brow-beaten, if not reprehended in words. This forme

of feeding I understand is generally used in all places in Italy, their forkes being for the most part made of yron or steele, and some of silver, but these are used only by gentlemen."

Before general introduction of forks, good table manners were very different from today's. For centuries, the knife had been the only table implement in general use, and in many instances table knives were used for many purposes. Each man carried a knife for self-defence and for various little jobs. When he sat down to a meal he would give it a casual wipe, if he belonged to the lower orders, and proceed to eat. Many may have disapproved of using the end of a knife to skewer food, but they still needed it to cut meat. Food might be conveyed to the mouth with the fingers, a method followed even now by a considerable proportion of the world's population.

This method of eating undoubtedly seems crude, but it was by no means the rough-and-ready business it might seem. The code of etiquette was just as strict as it is now and as carefully observed. It was unmannerly to pick up food with both hands together, the approved method being to do it with three fingers, which should not be loaded with an immoderate amount of food. Dependence upon fingers demanded far more use of the table nap-

*141 E. 65th St., New York City, 21. May, 1945.

kin than today, not only when wiping the mouth or fingers but also for wiping the knife before using it on other food or when it had to be used to take salt.

Although the common man might use his knife for attacking an enemy, skinning an animal, or many other jobs, the more polite kept knives specially for table, and in exalted houses many knives were in service. As each dish appeared a fresh knife would be placed beside it. The principal knives were the two big ones for carving meat. One was used much as we use the large carving fork today. The other did the carving.

The knife that served as a fork was thus needed also to convey meat to plates of the diners, and this led to introduction of a knife known as a *presentoir*. This was given a blunted blade; generally it was much broader than the familiar pointed knife. This made it possible to hold the joint securely on the platter, and at the same time display elegance when serving the meat to guests.

Sometime in the 14th century it became the custom to design handles of table knives to correspond with principal festivals of the Church. All during Lent, for instance, black-handled knives would be used, and for Easter handles would be white. But for Pentecost, checkered black-and-white handles were used. Commemoration of religious feasts helped to make the knife-makers' craft one of the fine arts. Clever craftsmen showed devotion by excelling in the beauty of carved han-

dles they fitted to the keen blades. Some of the handles made in Italy in the 16th century were etched with part of the grace to be sung before eating. Some carved ivory handles depicted the Fathers of the Church. Other handles were in script of heraldic designs, and sometimes similar etchings were put on the blade. When the knife was used as a *presentoir* there was room enough on the blade to inscribe the music with the words of the grace to be sung, and on the other side were inscribed the music and words sung after eating.

Only towards the end of the 16th century did the wedding knife pass into general use. This type was well-finished, with an elaborately decorated sheath. The more noble the family the richer such embellishment. Many handles were made of silver, and engraved with figures depicting various virtues. The wedding knife might also bear the name of the bride and date of the wedding. Forks were coming into wider use and often would be presented with the wedding knife, but for use only in dealing with fruit so that fingers should not be stained.

The fork had to make its way against conservative prejudice. Many were opposed to it and quoted from the Bible and other works to support eating with the fingers. Even when forks were appearing, women even more than men preferred to continue to use fingers. The idea appears to have been that in this way beautiful hands could be fully emphasized. Others were reluctant to abandon a table practice

which had gained much in grace and elegance through centuries.

Early in the 17th century the fork was well established only in the homes of the nobility, the cultured, and the wealthy. Not until well into the 18th century were forks used in even the best European inns. When the fork was normally provided, the spoon also became more prominent on inn tables.

It had been the custom for the affluent traveler to carry his table cutlery with him. The need to reduce their bulk was responsible for invention of combination sets. There were ingenious folding or interlocking knives, forks and spoons, comprising a compact set that fitted neatly into a little case, which could be attached to a girdle or otherwise carried about the person. Much skill was given to production of the cases, which might be of chased leather or some precious metal. Metal cases might be enriched with gems and decorated.

Today's conventional fork has three prongs, but then four prongs were just as popular. The two-prong fork had a long run when man lived largely on meat and bread, but with introduction of more variety in the diet by addition of vegetables, etc., it had many disadvantages. The prongs were too far apart for vegetables like green peas, and as a fork with more prongs seemed inadequate, knives were made with blades rather wider and rounded at the ends. For all that, the eating of peas with such a knife must have been one of life's minor trials. About this time, in the closing decades of the 17th cen-

tury, table knives were produced with rounded ends, and have so remained.

The spoon has a much longer story, for even ancient Egyptians fashioned crude spoons of ivory, flint, and other substances. Greeks and Romans produced metal spoons, many with spiked handles to extract snails from their shells. Spoons were frequently of wood, and only toward the close of the Middle Ages did metal supplant wood and horn. Silver spoons were made, but were comparatively rare. Many variations were to be seen until well into the 18th century, when there was some standardization of style and materials. Pewter, being cheap, was popular.

Apostle spoons are still a popular item, mass-produced up to the war. They appeal as "quaint," and we find them in many non-Catholic homes. Originally they were made in sets of 13, but now they are sold by the half-dozen, and each "Apostle" looks alike. When sets were made centuries ago the distinctive features of each Apostle were depicted with skill. The 13th handle bore the figure of Christ. Presentation of such spoons appears to have been most popular in the 16th century, when it was the custom to give a child at Baptism an Apostle spoon bearing the figure of its patron saint. Because they were made with such skill and care, old specimens are valuable collector's pieces. In the Middle Ages there must have been many complete collections, but only one or two complete sets exist today. One is in the possession of the Goldsmith's Company of London.

Cartels and Your Job

Fifth horseman

Condensed from the *Economic Outlook**

A cartel, roughly, is an understanding between big producers in an industry, designed to perpetuate their control and maintain their profits, by keeping prices high, restricting production, eliminating competition, and preventing any new developments that might tend to upset those arrangements. This end is generally achieved through a division of world markets among the cartel members, the setting of prices within market areas, and the assignment of production quotas among members. A cartel is the international twin of the trust.

The Department of Justice estimated that in 1939, 179 cartel agreements controlled 31.8% of world exports. This figure may sound abstract to Joe Worker, but it spells trouble for him.

First, cartel agreements may squeeze him out of his job. Cartels try to keep prices up and make profits by selling a little at a high price and high unit profit, instead of large amounts at low prices and lower unit profits. This means less production and fewer jobs. Most of the time cartels try to keep prices up by restricting production. Almost all penalize members for producing beyond the quota, which means members are punished for providing more jobs. Cartels frequently pay producers for *not* producing.

The Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation,† for instance, which controls the patents for Vitamin D, at one time wished to eliminate the competition of Standard Brands, which was selling concentrates activated with Vitamin D to be added to evaporated milk. The Foundation agreed to pay Standard Brands 40% of the profits in this field in return for Standard Brands' promise to stop production entirely.

When Du Pont developed a substance which could be used equally well in paint or in textile dyestuffs, it had to find some method of restricting production for use in the latter field, since the price structure in that industry was highly stabilized through cartel agreements. "Further work may be necessary on adding contaminants to 'Monastral' colors to make them unsatisfactory on textiles but satisfactory for paints," said the director of a Du Pont laboratory.

In 1920, American match interests (according to the Department of Justice) agreed with the Swedish Match company "to destroy virtually its entire safety-match business, including the scrapping of its largest plant, at Savannah, Ga."

Whole new industries have often been suppressed by cartel agreements.

*CIO Department of Research and Education, 718 Jackson place, N.W., Washington, 6, D.C.
April, 1945.

†Has no official connection with the University of Wisconsin.

When I. G. Farbenindustrie, of Germany, perfected the buna method of making synthetic rubber, it should have shared this knowledge with its partner, Standard Oil, according to the cartel agreement. Either it did not, or Standard was not interested in producing synthetic rubber. In any case, very little was produced in this country before the war. Yet, when Goodyear and Goodrich began their own experiments, Standard Oil first discouraged them, then sued for patent infringement.

A cartel agreement between I. G. Farben, Alcoa, and Dow Chemical Co. was designed to restrict Dow's production of low-cost magnesium. A high-price policy was followed, to eliminate threat of a cheap substitute for aluminum. The war might have been shorter, many lives might have been saved, if production in those two fields had not been suppressed.

Cartel prices are artificially pegged. They bear no relation to cost. When demand decreases, cartel price remains constant, so production and thus jobs are cut—instead of prices going down so more people can buy and keep production going strong. And when production drops in one industry, unemployment spreads to other industries, as the demand for their products goes down, too.

Joe Worker loses out as a consumer as well as a man looking for a job through the operations of cartels. Cartels shrink the wage dollar. Yet rising standards of living depend on more goods supplied at lower prices. The

emphasis of cartels on profits means less goods at higher prices.

A substance useful in both dental plastics and commercial plastics was sold through a cartel arrangement in the former field for \$85 a pound, and in the latter for \$45. When dentists discovered the discrepancy and started buying the material from industrial dealers, the members of the cartel were baffled until someone got the idea of adding an ingredient to make the stuff unsatisfactory for dental work but not for commercial purposes. "We agree with you," said Rohm and Hass Co. to Vernon-Benshoff Co., "that if we could put some ingredient in our commercial molding material to disqualify it under the Pure Food and Drug Act, this would be a very fine method of controlling the bootleg situation." Was your dentist bill high this year?

Listen to the flashlight-bulb industry, figuring out ways of making more money at the consumer's expense: "Two or three years ago we proposed a reduction in the life of flashlight lamps: from the old basis on which one lamp was supposed to outlast three batteries, to a point where the lamp's life and the battery's under service condition would be approximately equal. Some time ago, the battery manufacturers went part way with us on this and accepted lamps of two battery lives instead of three. This has worked out very satisfactorily.

"We have been continuing our studies and efforts to bring about the use of one-battery-life lamps. I think you will be interested in the attached

analysis covering the various points involved in going to the one-battery-life basis. If this were done, we estimate it would result in increasing our flashlight business approximately 60%. We can see no logical reason why such a change should not be made at this time." Evidently a small matter of tripling cost to the consumer was not a "logical reason" to the cartel mentality.

A potential competitor of the Hartford-Empire Co., American partner of the glass-container industry, was invited to raise its price on container machines from \$9,500 to \$13,500 and to turn over the extra \$4,000 to Hartford-Empire. The competitor declined, was sued for patent infringement, eliminated from production.

A cartel forced the price of tungsten carbide (an ingredient especially important for machine tools) from \$50 a pound to \$453 a pound in the U. S., while it remained at \$50 in Germany. After a Department of Justice action against the cartel the price in the U. S. dropped to below \$50.

Cartels of drugs and essential medicines help deprive the sick poor of them. Vitamin D is important for treatment and prevention of rickets, essentially a poor man's disease. Yet the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation, controllers of the original patents, set prices so high that at one point they grossed nearly \$1,000 a day on their patents. Up to 1940, the Foundation had taken in more than \$8.5 million in royalties.

How many medical advances have

been kept from the markets through cartel agreements we do not know. We do know that the prevention of competition is their stated aim. Says I. G. Farben: "There is an agreement between German and Swiss firms of the chemical pharmaceutical industry for protection of original preparations marketed by individual members of the group. This agreement provides that products which compete with the original products of association members and their subsidiaries or affiliated firms shall not be introduced in any country throughout the world."

Cartels threaten labor organization. An international cartel provides means for maintaining sales in spite of strikes, and so destroys the effectiveness of labor action, even on a national scale. A company in the U. S. in case of need can get a cartel partner in another country to supply its markets temporarily, without fear of losing them permanently, because the cartel partner will turn them back afterwards and even pay the American company the profits.

Cartel activities before VE-day show how such an arrangement operates. Most cartel agreements between American and German companies assigned the U. S. market to the American partner; the rest of the world, including Latin America, to the German partner. When the British blockade made it virtually impossible for the German firms to supply Latin-American customers, American firms often undertook to tide their partners over the emergency by supplying the needed

goods. A member of the Chemical Marketing Co., an American concern, wrote his German opposite: "We insure thereby that the German trade up to the present with our South and Central-American friends can be held firmly in our hands and, should export from Germany become impossible (as you yourself can well visualize) the loss would be much less if, for the duration of the war, our American chemicals can be delivered, rather than complete loss of business for many, many years, if we place our clients in such a position that they can continue to serve their customers."

Merck & Co., Inc., largest producer of pharmaceutical chemicals in the U. S., arranged to supply the Latin-American market of its German friend, the E. Merck Chemical Works, for the duration of the war only. The two companies agreed to return to the original division of world markets after the war.

These examples show the cooperation cartel partners give one another. If they run the military blockade, they also cross the picket line. Labor's interests are not represented in cartels, and cannot be, because the essence of a cartel is control in the hands of a few, control of production for profits. A cartel cannot afford to give labor a voice in policy-making since labor looks at production from an employment point of view.

Cartels are the machinery of business imperialism. It is to their interest to oppose industrialization of "backward" nations and to keep them in a

state of economic colonial dependency. They are ruthless in suppressing potential competition. Yet labor knows poverty anywhere is a danger to prosperity everywhere, that we cannot hope to maintain a high standard of living and high wages in one country in the face of exploitation and subsistence pay in other countries.

The people wish a voice in the formulation of foreign policy. Through our democratic form of government this should be possible. Yet the existence of the cartel agreements means a foreign policy made by private interests. The U. S. embarked upon a good-neighbor policy with the intention of cementing close relations with Latin America. At the same time, private American companies were granting private German companies exclusive selling rights there. This gave the Germans an opportunity to establish business contacts and offices, to find outlets for propaganda, and build the basis for an economic and political grip on Latin-American countries which might well have proved disastrous to this country's safety.

Internal developments in various nations will go far towards determining the kind and amount of international cooperation we achieve. In Germany, powerful industrialists backed Hitler, made his success possible. The State Department has warned us that the same groups are getting ready to resume, by open or surreptitious means, their control of European industry. Labor is unreservedly opposed to allowing this, for those groups would

again seek to impose reactionary political policies and restrictive economic policies.

The operation of cartels, past and future, is a complex question. They arose undoubtedly in part as a defense by manufacturers against a market too small to consume the total amount of goods produced. Their effect is to

greatly aggravate this condition. The vicious circle must be broken by concerted international action against all factors tending to shrink world markets. Restricted production and high prices lead to depression. Full production and full consumption bring fair profit. They also provide the economic basis for world cooperation and peace.



China in Hollywood

Tooling The Keys

By ALBERT R. O'HARA, S.J.

Condensed from *Jesuit Missions**

On sound stage No. 10 of the 20th Century-Fox studio I had just started to inspect the beautiful set, the Chinese imperial judge's home, checking over the table, chairs, vases, hangings, to make sure they were correct, when I spied the watchman watching me.

My casual "Hello" didn't sound convincing. He kept eyeing me slowly, and then remarked, rather coolly. "It's hard to tell who's real around here."

"It is," I agreed, without committing myself.

Taking another half hitch in his courage, he blurted out, "Well, are you real?"

"Yes, I am," I replied. "I am helping as a technical adviser on *The Keys of the Kingdom*."

"I mean, are you a real priest? And

what is your name?" he insisted.

"I am Father O'Hara," I said, trying to thaw out the atmosphere with a smile.

At once he beamed. "You are, now! My name's Connel, used to be O'Connel in the old country. Put it there." We shook hands and became friends.

Then I explained why I was there. Father John Devlin of West Hollywood is the official adviser on Catholic Church matters for all studios, but since this picture had so much on Catholic missions in China, Archbishop Cantwell and Father Devlin asked me to help. Since I had eight years in China and had worked on, and visited, many types of missions, the studio executive and the Archbishop's office thought I could help in making the mission scenes true to life.

From the start, everyone was kind and courteous. Before any sets were started, William Darling, the art director, brought in a miniature Chinese village of Pai Tan built on a hill at the edge of the river and a miniature Catholic mission building on the Hill of the Brilliant Green Jade. Assistant directors, property men and others crowded around, eagerly asking, "What do you think of the mission, Father?" "Was yours like this?" and, "How's Bill Darling as a missionary?" When I could get a word in, I did have to tell them there should be a wall around the Sisters' house and girls' school, since they are usually kept apart from the main mission compound throughout China.

"Outside of that, how do you like the mission?" the group asked again.

"I would certainly be happy if some mandarin came along and gave me such an ideal mission set-up, upon my return to China." I said that with a grin. They all smiled contentedly at the compliment and that was that.

Next, I dropped over to see Mr. Mankiewicz, the writer and producer. He said excitedly, "Think of it, Father, we are going to have four churches in the picture and the sets altogether will total \$250,000. Seems a shame to have to pull them all down after the picture is made, doesn't it? Say, what could you do with that much money in China?" I reflected before answering. We could set our whole mission district in good order, run a good number of medical dispensaries for the sick, and supply enough rice to keep the

people from starvation for many weeks.

My next visit was with Gregory Peck, the Father Chisholm of the picture, to check over his costume. There were cassocks for seminary scenes, clerical suits for the trip to China, black and white Chinese robes for scenes in the mission field. Gregory is likeable: genial, interesting, and unaffected, and we had fun over the Chinese pajamas, Chinese cloth slippers, and the old-fashioned nightgown for the 1912 scene. The producer and director decided against the white robe and white sun helmet, after the screen test. They decided it made him look like a Hollywood musical-comedy version of a priest, and that would never do. I pointed out that all Chinese missionaries wear white robes and sun helmets in summer and that I hoped the Chinese didn't think we looked like Hollywood musical-comedy priests. I suggested a beard—even a false one, but he came right back with the answer, "I tried one and they thought I looked horrible. Besides, the book does not mention that Father Chisholm wore a beard."

Then there was the question of the nun's habit. As soon as I arrived at the women's wardrobe, Miss Cashin was ready. "If you will sit here, Father, we will soon have someone dressed in a habit for you." The habit, designed by a nun who had been a dress designer before she entered the convent, was worn by an imposing, pious-looking "nun." Later, while they were making a screen test of the "nun" in the habit, proceedings were delayed a few

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minutes. The stand-in "nun," nervous, and I suppose tired, from the ordeal, stepped off the scene and lit a cigarette. Suddenly called back, the cigarette was still in her hand. From behind me I heard a familiar voice whispering, "Father, you don't need to tell me *that* one's not real."

Rose Stradner, a newcomer to the screen, took the part of Mother Marie Veronica. Her natural Austrian accent and training in Vienna helped fit her for the role. In real life the haughty Superior is a pleasant and interesting person who sacrificed a movie career for family life. She is the wife of producer Joseph Mankiewicz.

The Chinese village of Pai Tan was to be built on the edge of an artificial lake. To reach it I had to work my way through a stream of dump trucks depositing loads near the lake where bulldozers were piling up a hill 22 feet high. No half measures would do. It had to be the real thing. So real was it that several weeks later, when we started to shoot the arrival scene at the village dock, I walked up the rock-paved, time-worn streets of this little village, while real Chinese extras chattered in their own language, to give me the clearest feeling that I was back in China. The Chinese extras excitedly pointed at the red paper sign *Tui Tsu* pasted on each side of the shop doors; eyed hungrily the sugar-coated water chestnuts, and fingered door latches, ornaments and signs, crying out, "Just like the real China." One Chinese extra came up to me and said, "Father, I have worked in many Chinese sets

here in Hollywood but this is the closest to the real China."

So many people wanted to ask questions that I was sometimes distracted from my work. Some wanted to know if I thought it advisable for a girl to try for a movie career. Others asked if a priest may smoke. Do Catholics believe non-Catholics have no chance for heaven? Why can't Catholics divorce and re-marry? But all inquirers were respectful and sincere.

The thorough search, painstaking care, and seemingly limitless expense that the studio lavishes on such a picture amazes the uninitiated. For one scene, the sickroom in the mandarin's home, a Taoist ceremonial robe was needed. The research department located a picture of the proper robe. The wardrobe department reported that it would cost \$400. The order was given, "We want the proper robe. Have it made." Chinese furniture, ink stones, sticks of ink, ink brushes, abacuses, Chinese schoolbooks and copybooks were patiently hunted down and purchased in San Francisco's Chinatown. Preserved ducks, strings of fat sharks' fins, strings of garlic, Chinese cabbage, and earthen spice and wine jars were purchased and placed in the market place, shops, and kitchen scenes; a 50-foot seaworthy Chinese junk was turned out by the studio mill; sampans, rickshaws, Chinese wheelbarrows, carrying poles, sedan chairs, bundles, Chinese pipes—all were prepared in large numbers. I was asked how many persons might appear around the dock on Father Chisholm's arrival. My judg-

ment was that between 200 or 300 people should be on hand. Some 250 Chinese extras were brought in at a cost of \$10.50 a day each and kept on hand until the scene was completed. And the mass evacuation of the burning Chinese village was so real it reminded me painfully of a certain night at Zikawei in China when Chinese soldiers were forced to retreat and thousands of refugees poured into our mission grounds with their baggage. The huge Pai Tan village was actually doused with kerosene, set on fire, and blown up by planted charges of dynamite, while we watched from a barge in the lake.

Twentieth Century-Fox is certainly to be congratulated on the care and trouble expended to eliminate offense to the Church, to the other beliefs involved, and to the Chinese people, and

for keeping the story authentically close to A. J. Cronin's novel. I understand that Dr. Cronin is well satisfied. The kindness and consideration with which I was treated by all studio personnel, especially by the public-relations department, was rivaled only by the cooperation and friendship shown to me by the cast and crew of *The Keys of the Kingdom*. This friendship was climaxed by a beautiful gift of remembrance on my last day at the studio. As I thanked them I remarked that upon my return to China, God willing, I would walk the streets looking at the gift and the scene about me, almost expecting to hear the cameraman call to the soundman, "Roll it, Gene," and the familiar voice of John Stahl, the director, calling out, "Try it again," and screen villain H. T. Chiang's parting words, "On to the mission, Father."

A master of psychology is Connie Mack, also a leader of men. To meet him is to love him, and his influence on baseball will linger long after the 82-year-old leader of the Athletics is gone. He once—and this will amaze you—departed from his usual expletive of "by golly," or even his more salty "goodness gracious," to utter the unheard-of word (for him) of "damn!"

James J. Dykes and Aloysius Simmons were on the verge of cutting each other's throats in a heated argument when Connie softly intervened.

"Shut your mouths," he said quietly. They didn't. "Dykes," Connie persisted, "shut your damn mouth."

Now shutting Dykes' mouth never was easy. But that did it. Round James was so flabbergasted by the Mackian emphasis that he shut his mouth. Not only did he shut it but he began to chuckle. Then Simmons began to laugh at the old man's words. They walked away, arm in arm.

From Connie Mack, the Grand Old Man of Baseball by Fred Lieb (Putnam, 1941).

Faith, Hope, and Charity

When rightly understood

By FULTON J. SHEEN

Condensed from radio addresses*

Faith is not believing something will happen, nor acceptance of what is contrary to reason, nor an intellectual recognition a man might give something he does not understand or his reason cannot prove; for example, relativity. Rather, faith is the acceptance of a truth on the authority of God revealing. God cannot deceive nor be deceived. Faith will do four things for you:

1. It will perfect your reason. Faith is to your reason what a telescope is to your eye. It opens vaster fields of vision and new worlds, which before were hidden. As reason is the perfection of the senses, so faith is the perfection of reason. (Incidentally, reason alone will not get us out of the mess we are in today, because it unaided cannot handle problems created by sin, loss of faith, and misuse of reason.)

Faith is not a dam which prevents the flow of thought; it is a levee preventing unreason from overflowing the countryside of sanity. Faith will enlarge your knowledge, because there are so many truths beyond the power of reason. You can tell something of the power and technique of an artist by looking at his painting, but you could never know his inmost thoughts unless he revealed them to you. You can know something of the power and wisdom of God by looking at His uni-

verse, but you could never know His thoughts unless He told you. And the telling of the inner life is Revelation, which we know by faith.

What a candle on the inside of a Japanese lantern will do to its pattern, faith will do for your reason; that is, converge all your different pieces of knowledge into one absorbing philosophy of life which leads to God. That is why faith does not necessarily require an education. Faith is an education. God is our Teacher. That is why a little child in the 1st grade who knows God made him and that he is made for God is far wiser than a university professor who can explain an atom, but does not know why he is here or where he is going.

2. Faith will perfect your freedom. Our Lord said, "The truth shall make you free." If you know the truth about an airplane, you are free to fly it. Try to be "broadminded," and give a square five sides instead of four, and see where you end. Turned around, the words of our Lord mean that if you do not know the truth you will be enslaved. That is why the world becomes enslaved as it denies absolute truth and righteousness. Socialism, for example, is nothing but the compulsory organization of a chaos brought about by the repudiation of truth and morality. Never, therefore, believe that you lose

*Catholic Hour over NBC. N.C.C.M., Washington, 5, D. C. Jan 21, Jan. 28, Feb. 4, 1949.

your freedom by accepting the faith.

3. Faith assures equality to all men as children of God. Have you not noticed, if you have worked with a person of deep faith in Christ, that you have always been treated with gentleness, equality, and charity? You can never point to a single person who truly loves God, who is mean to his fellowman. A man who does not believe in God, will soon cease to believe in man.

Faith teaches that all men, however poor, ignorant, crippled, ugly or degraded, all bear within themselves the image of God, and have been bought by the Blood of Christ. As this truth is forgotten, men are valued only because of what they can do, not because of what they are. And since men cannot do things equally well, for example, play violins, fly planes, teach philosophy, or stoke an engine, they are and must remain forever unequal. From the Christian point of view, all may not have the same right to certain jobs, because they lack the capacity. For example, Toscanini has not a right to pitch for the New York Yankees. But all have the right to a decent, purposeful, and comfortable life in the structure of the community for which God has fitted them, and first and foremost, because of what they are: persons made to the image and likeness of God.

The false idea of the superiority of certain races and classes is due to the forgetfulness of the spiritual foundations of equality. We of the western world have been rightly proud of the fact that we have a civilization su-

perior to others. But we have given the wrong reason for that superiority. We assume we are superior because we are white. We are not. We are superior because we are Christians. The moment we cease to be Christian we will revert to the barbarism from which we came. If the colored races become converted to Christ, they will produce a civilization and culture which will surpass ours, if we forget Him who truly made us great.

4. Faith will give you peace of soul. In the multitudinous duties of modern life you will do nothing which you cannot offer to God as a prayer; your sense of values will change; you will think less of what you can store away, and more about what you can take with you when you die; your rebellious moods will give way to resignation; your tendency to discouragement, due to pride, will become an additional reason for throwing yourself, like a hurt child, into the Father's loving arms; you will think of God's love as an unalterable dedication to goodness, to which you submit even when it hurts.

Faith will not explain why tragedies happen, for, if it did, where would be room for the merit of faith? But it does give you the insight and strength to bear them.

It is not so much what happens that matters; it is rather how you react to it.

Three considerations will help you build a firm hope in God:

1. Remember that everything that happens has been foreseen and known by God from all eternity, and is either

willed by Him, or at least permitted.

God's knowledge does not grow as ours does, from ignorance to wisdom. The Fall did not catch God napping. God is science, but not a scientist: He knows all; does not have to learn from experience. He does not look on you from heaven, as you look down on an anthill, and then tell an angel-secretary to jot down the unkind word you said to the grocery boy.

You do your own bookkeeping. Your conscience takes your own dictation. God knows all things, not by looking at you, but by looking into Himself as the Cause of all things.

But do not think that because God knows all, therefore He has predetermined you to heaven or hell independently of your merits and irrespective of your freedom. His knowledge that you shall act in a particular manner is not the immediate cause of your acting, any more than your knowledge that you are sitting down caused you to sit down or prevents you from getting up if you willed to do it. Our blessed Mother could have refused the dignity of becoming the Mother of God, as Judas could have resisted the temptation to betray. The fact that God knew what each would do did not make them act the way they did. Because there is no future in God, foreknowing is not forecausing.

To those who ask, "If God knew I would lose my soul, why did He make me?" the answer is, "God did not make you as a lost soul. You make yourself." The universe is moral and therefore conditional: "Behold I stand at the

door and knock." He breaks down no doors. The latch is on our side, not God's.

2. God allows or permits evil but always for the reason of a greater good related to His love and the salvation of our souls.

God does permit evil. Our Lord told Judas, "This is your hour." Evil does have its hour. All that it can do within that hour is to put out the lights of the world. But God has His day. The evil of the world is inseparable from human freedom, and hence the cost of destroying the world's evil or stopping war would be the destruction of human freedom. Certainly none of us want to pay that high a price, particularly since God would never permit evil unless He could draw some good from it.

God can draw good out of evil because though the power of doing evil is ours, the effects of our evil deeds are outside of our control and therefore in the hands of God.

The evil God permits must not be judged by its immediate, but by its ultimate, effects. When you go to a theater you do not walk out because you see a good man suffering in the first act. You give the dramatist credit for a plot. Why can you not do that much with God? The slaughter of the Innocents probably saved many boys from growing up into men who on Good Friday would have shouted, "Crucify."

3. We must do everything within our power to fulfill God's will as it is made known to us by His mystical

Body, the Commandments, and our lawfully constituted superiors, and we must also fulfill our duties flowing from our state of life. But everything that is outside our power, we must surrender to His holy will. Notice the distinction between *within our power* and *outside our power*. There is to be no fatalism. Some things are under our control.

We are concerned with things outside your power: sickness, accidents, the barbed word of a fellow worker, the death of Aunt Ellen on your wedding day, loss of your purse, moth holes in your suit. God could have prevented those things. He could have stopped your headache, prevented a bullet from hitting your boy, forestalled cramps during a swim, and killed the germ that laid you low. But if He did not, it was for a superior reason. Therefore, say, "God's will be done."

It is one of the paradoxes of creation that you gain control by submission. Does not the scientist gain control over nature by humbly sitting down before the facts of nature and being docile to its teachings? In like manner, surrender yourself to God, and all is yours. An oyster develops a pearl because a grain of sand irritates it. Cease complaining about your pains and aches; an act of thanksgiving when things go against our will means more than a thousand acts of thanksgiving when things go according to our will. Every person in the world is possessed: some by the devil, some by self; others are possessed by God.

In wartime, do not ask: "If the Jap-

anese and the English, the Germans and the Americans, pray to God; on whose side is God?" For the answer to this question is: "If we all prayed as we ought, we would all be on the same side: 'Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven.'" Neither ask: "Why do nations which love God fight one another?" The answer is: "They don't."

America's greatest enemy is not from without, but from within: hatred of races, peoples, classes, religions. There is more tragedy than we suspect in the fact that we have become most united as a nation at a moment when we have developed a hate against certain foreign countries.

Hate can be eradicated only by creating a new focus, and that is possible only by charity. By charity is not meant kindness, philanthropy, generosity, or bigheartedness, but a supernatural gift of God by which we are enabled to love Him above all things for His own sake alone, and in that love, to love all that He loves.

Charity resides in the will, not in the emotions or senses. Charity does not mean *to like*, but *to love*. Liking is in the feelings or emotions; loving is in the will. Perhaps you cannot help disliking spinach; the same is true of your reactions to certain persons. You cannot help feeling an emotional reaction against the egotistical, sophisticated, loud, or those who run for first seats, or who snore.

But though you cannot like everyone, because you have no control over your physiological reactions, you can love everyone in the divine sense, for

love, being in the will, can be commanded. Outwardly, your neighbor may be very unlikable; but inwardly he is one in whom the image of God can be recreated by the kiss of charity. You can like only those who like you, but you can love those who dislike you. To love them, we must recall that we who are not worth loving are loved by Love.

A second feature of charity is that it is a habit, not a single act. There is a tremendous amount of sentimental romanticism associated with much of our kindness. Remember the great glow you got from giving your overcoat to the beggar, for assisting a blind man, for contributing \$10 to relieve an indigent widow? Such good deeds are to be commended. But nothing has done so much harm to healthy friendliness as the belief that we ought to do one good act a day. Why one good act? What about all the other acts? Charity is a habit, not an isolated act. Charity is a virtue, not an ephemeral thing of moods and impulses; it is a quality of the soul.

How do you judge a good piano player? By an occasional right note or by the habit or virtue of striking right notes? An habitually evil man may do a good deed every now and then. Gangsters endow soup kitchens and the movies glorify them. But in Christian eyes, this does not prove they were good. Occasionally, an habitually good man may fall, but evil is the exception in his life, while it is the rule in the life of the gangster. Whether we know it or not, the actions of our daily life are

fixing our character for good or for evil. The things you do, the thoughts you think, the words you say, are turning you either into a saint or a devil, to be placed at either the right or the left side of the divine Judge. If love of God and neighbor becomes a habit of your soul, you are developing heaven within you. But if hatred and evil become the habit of your soul, you are developing hell within you. Heaven is a place where charity is eternalized. In heaven there will be no faith, for then we will see God; in heaven there will be no hope, for then we will possess God; but in heaven there will be charity, for "love endureth forever."

Love is universal. Translating charity's commandment into the concrete, it means that you must love your enemy as yourself. Does that mean that you must love war criminals as you love yourself, or the thief who stole your tires, or the woman who said you had so many wrinkles that you had to screw on your hat? It means just that. But how can you love such an enemy as you love yourself?

Well, how do you love yourself? Do you like the way you look? If you did, you would not try to improve it out of a box. Did you ever wish to be anyone else? Why do you lie about your age? Do you like yourself when you spread gossip, or when you are irritable and moody?

You do not. But at the same time, you do love yourself, and you know you do! When you come into a room you invariably pick out the softest chair; you buy yourself good clothes,

treat yourself to nice presents; when anyone says you are intelligent or beautiful, you always feel such a person has very sound judgment. But when anyone says you are "catty" or selfish, you feel they have not understood your good nature, or maybe that they are "fascists."

Thus you love yourself, and yet you do not love yourself. What you love about yourself is the person whom God made; what you hate about yourself is that God-made person you spoiled. You love the sinner, but you hate the sin.

That is just the way our Lord intended you should love your enemies: love them as you love yourself, hating their sin, loving them as sinners; disliking that which blurs the divine image, loving the divine image beneath the blur; never arrogating to yourself a greater right to God's love than they, since deep in your own heart you know that no one could be less deserving of His love than you. And when you see them receiving the just due of their crimes, you do not gloat

over them, but say: "There I go, except for the grace of God."

If, then, you bear a hatred toward anyone, overcome it by doing that person a favor. You can begin to like classical music only by listening to it, and you can make friends out of your enemies only by practicing charity. The reason you love someone else is because that person supplies your lack or fills up your void. You find in the other something you do not have: kindness, beauty, wealth, virtue.

God does not love you because you supply His lack. He finds you lovable, not because of and by yourself you are lovable, but because He puts some of His love in you. As a mother loves her child because her nature is in the child, as the artist loves the canvas because his idea and his colored pattern are in it, so God loves you because His power or nature or love is in some way in you.

If, then, God's love for you makes you lovable, why not put some of your love in other people and make them lovable? Where you do not find love, put it there.

El Digesto Católico

Muchísimos norteamericanos se empeñan para aprender el español. Para asegurarse del buen éxito de tal empeño, ¿qué cosa mas útil que una suscripción al DIGESTO CATÓLICO, la edición en español del CATHOLIC DIGEST?

Al leer el DIGESTO CATÓLICO no solo alcanzará Vd. a un mejor conocimiento del idioma, pero llegará Vd. también a un entendimiento mas íntimo del carácter y de las costumbres de nuestros vecinos, los latinoamericanos. Por razón de lo mejor del pensamiento Católico, engastado en las páginas del DIGESTO CATÓLICO, puede Vd. llegar ahora al corazón mismo de la cultura sudamericana. Sírvase de usar la tarjeta especial en frente de la página 73.

Gay, Young, and Good

Youth puts it over

By FRED SACKETT, O.M.I.

Condensed from *Mary Immaculate**

"The Stage Door canteen in San Francisco was presenting entertainment of the lowest and filthiest type to our servicemen. And no one did anything about it. But something had to be done! We stepped in to see the manager. Our protest had results. A huge sign was installed backstage. Its six-foot letters read: 'Our youth wants to be kept clean!' The manager told me that he himself calls the attention of visiting artists to the sign. Now the canteen presents only the highest type of entertainment and a good time is had by all."

The speaker was Bob Anderson, in Navy blues, addressing seminarians in Ottawa, Ontario.

"Then there were the newsstands," he went on. "They carried all the rot imaginable, while you could not find a CATHOLIC DIGEST on a single stand in San Francisco, excepting, of course, the racks in the back of the church and in religious-article stores. The first store owner was surprised. 'Why no one ever asks for a CATHOLIC DIGEST here!' 'Well, you stock them and we will see that people ask for them.' And people did ask for the DIGEST, 80 or 90 of them a week. This was fine. But only too often the DIGEST was displayed right under a salacious picture announcing a lurid pulp thriller. The owner would be incensed when we

first pointed out the incongruity to him. 'Are you trying to tell me how to run my store?' 'No, it just does not seem right, that's all.' At ten that same evening another protest in the same store. And then another. By the time we were finished protesting the news racks were considerably cleaned up, and you could get a CATHOLIC DIGEST at any newsstand in the city.

"And then marriages. Every priest in the U.S. will tell you that mixed marriages are one of his biggest headaches. And add to mixed marriages birth control and divorce. What to do about them? We do not claim to have found the perfect solution. But many a husband will tell you: 'I never would have married Susie if I could have found a Catholic girl.' And they mean it! So we arranged a social program whereby Catholic boy might meet Catholic girl. We obtained a hall, arranged a dance floor, playrooms, and the rest. Now we are operating not one, but seven nights a week. Since the Catholic ideal of marriage is conspicuous by its absence in the minds of young people, it was a genial thought which conceived a public forum. Here young people meet, Catholic and Protestant alike. Questions relating to every angle of marriage are threshed out. You may be sure there are capable, well-informed leaders to insure that

*De Marenos Scholasticate, P. O. Box 96, No. 5, San Antonio, 6, Texas. May, 1945.

the beauty and desirability of the Catholic ideal clearly predominate. Does it work? In one parish alone which had the forum, out of 30 marriages not one was a mixed marriage. As for the rest of the program, time will tell.

"Nowadays everybody is willing to let the world know just what he thinks. Communists, social reformers, individualists, baiters of Negroes, all have their say. But it is seldom that a Catholic will stand up and tell others what he believes, give others the reason for the faith that is in him. Perhaps it is because the average Catholic does not know why he believes. And the world is hungering for just what we have to give.

"There was that conversation I overheard one day. The party of the first part was using anything but becoming language. Interested, I moved in, drew the party in question aside. Every other word was *Jesus Christ*. After a few moments of this I abruptly posed the question: 'Say, do you know who He was?' 'Do I know who who was?' 'Jesus Christ.' 'What the hell do you mean?' As I did not press the point, he continued speaking. Then I threw in another stopper, 'What does Christmas mean to you?' 'What the hell do you mean?' 'Well, you can hardly know what Christmas means, if you do not know who Christ was!'

"He must have taken me for a Holy Joe, and steeled himself against an impromptu sermon. Instead, I gave him my office address and invited him down for a talk whenever he felt like it. He came.

"The first night we chatted over cokes and endless cigarettes. At 3 A.M., with tears in his eyes, this poor lad, with a Mormon mother and a United Church father, divorced when he was an infant, told me, 'I have been waiting all those years for someone to speak to me about God, to show me the difference between right and wrong.' That evening over our cokes, without mentioning *Catholic* (the mere sound of the word in San Francisco is a come-on for communists), I had explained much of the catechism to him. He continued coming. After we went through the catechism twice, I asked him to discontinue his visits for two weeks. I feared that perhaps I had forced too much. I was actually afraid he would ask to be baptized. Such a petition should come only after prayer and mature reflection. But in four nights he was back. Being in the Navy and likely to leave any day, he wanted to be baptized before he left. His mother disowned him for it, but in one of his letters at sea he wrote me: 'I have lost an earthly mother, but I have gained a heavenly Mother since the day when I became her little child.' To think that all this came of a protest against unbecoming language.

"Do not think that such conversations are unusual. One of our members alone has to his credit to date 137 converts, men who would not be Catholics today but for him."

The handsome young speaker had held the seminarians' rapt attention for almost an hour. Little wonder, for this was like the dynamic fire of another

St. Paul. His three years in service from 1941 to January, 1944, had passed quickly. But a yeoman in the Pacific Navy travels far. Pearl Harbor, Australia, New Zealand, the Philippines were familiar ground to him. A plane accident occasioned his discharge.

The seminary was the University Seminary in Ottawa, conducted by the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. The movement described, however, is not exclusively Canadian, as Bob Anderson, the fiery speaker, came from San Francisco. Nor is the movement exclusively American. It started in Belgium, and spread first to France and England. It is Catholic Action.

An outsider might think such vast horizons discouraging. But this vast apostolate does not discourage today's youth. For it is primarily a youth movement. It has all the zip and personal initiative, life and responsibility, that appeal to our modern set. It is a protest against a lack of confidence in youth, against a lack of vision in attacking problems.

Youth noticed that many good folk aimlessly fingered their beads during Mass, impatiently waiting for the half hour to pass. Youth knocked at the pastor's door. This particular pastor did not like Jocism, the Jocists were too "snoopy."

"But we want you to buy 800 *My Sunday Missals* for the church."

"Why, you know that nobody uses a missal in this parish."

"Yes, but we want to help. We are organizing a campaign for the better understanding of the Mass."

The missals arrived. The campaign got under way. Now that parish follows Mass intelligently and prayerfully, with missals.

Sometimes youth may surprise even youth. There was the husky person who looked every bit a pug. One day he happened to mention casually that for him his workbench was his altar. His lathe, well, it was like a chalice. His work was his sacrifice. And he was the priest! Perhaps you have heard similar stories in connection with Jocism. The striking thing is not that the stories are similar, but that everywhere the same spirit takes hold, the spirit of living with Christ.

As for the race question, San Francisco has its share of the national headache, what with the influx of colored labor and the skyrocketing of wages. Anderson said, "My heart sank one night (Bob is president of San Francisco's Y. C. W.) as two young colored men from the deep South entered our social center. Not that they were not welcome. But how would our Jocist crowd react? Without comment or dogmatizing, I simply relate the facts. A young lady, white, of course, introduced herself and invited one of the youths to dance. Speaking to the other, I discovered he was a college graduate, interested in music, and that not even Bing Crosby could sing the *Ave Maria* as he did. His *Panis Angelicus* was something out of this world."

For every problem, Catholic Action has an answer. For a passing problem there will be a campaign; for a lasting problem, youth will organize a service.

Services vary according to needs, but always there is the same spirit of sacrificing self to help others. One can only say, "How these young people love one another." Take the Mass Service, for instance. Those belonging to it promise to offer Mass and Communion twice a week for some man in the service. You do not have to check on them. They will be there. And frequently it means rising at five instead of six or seven, carrying two lunches instead of one. The first is eaten on the street car on the way to work.

In the U. S., in many places, this movement goes under the name of Young Christian Workers (Y. C. W.). In a French milieu it is called Jocism. The movement has known phenome-

nal success in Belgium and France. In Canada it was started a decade ago by an Oblate, Father Roy, who has since pioneered in the diocese of Manchester. In both places it met with great success. The question has often been asked: Will it work here in the States? Those who have begun in 16 American dioceses could answer that question for you. As for San Francisco, it is Yes.

This is a "dynamic movement for a dynamic youth," to use the title of Father Roy's latest book. And as Father Villeneuve, O.M.I., of the Jociste Centrale up in Montreal, loves to repeat: "When it really catches on in America, it will be something really big. If it were not big, it would not be American."



Flights of Fancy

Cloud like a giant white hair-do.—*Cecil Brown.*

Their marriage mythed, ending in divorce.—*O. A. Battista.*

He annoyed himself immensely wherever he went.—*R. Thornberry.*

Look to your laurels—you may be rusting on them.—*Sheila John Daly.*

Tiny white villages mothered by white churches.—*Mazo De La Roche.*

Egotism is usually just a case of mistaken identity.—*Barbara Stanwyck.*

Obsessed with the idea that they owe a debt to society.—*C. V. R. Thompson.*

She was just the right height: just tall enough to reach my heart.—*Walter C. Brown.*

The upper crust is just a bunch of crumbs stuck together with their own dough.—*Fibber McGee.*

[Readers are invited to submit similar figures of speech, for which \$1 will be paid on publication. Exact source must be given. We are sorry it is impossible for us to acknowledge or return contributions.—Ed.]

The Nuns Had Fun

By MAJ. F. J. SAZAMA, M.D.

Condensed from a letter*

Dear Dad: This is a description of an experience "somewhere in Burma." When this city was captured by the Japanese there were two nuns here, running a Catholic mission school. The Sisters stayed, but towards the end of the occupation spent the last few months in native villages. Since we chased the Japanese away, the Sisters came back to the city. One of the Catholic chaplains thought we should build a parish church and school. After tearing down some bombed buildings, we started. I've been doing carpentering all week, and as the structure starts to shape (it is 60 x 26 feet) I'm getting quite a bang out of it. After all, as commanding officer of the 58th Portable Surgical Hospital, I need the relaxation.

Lo and behold, if the nuns didn't come over to the "parish" site. They are Italian, and speak English with a definite accent, but perfectly understandable. They said they were happy we came. My boys gathered around and we didn't do a lick of work all afternoon, since the nuns were the center of attraction, telling us their experiences. One of them is about 30, the other about 40. Like typical Italians, they use their hands in talking; they were so funny we almost screamed with laughter. You think of a nun as sedate, but these, especially the young-

er one, jumped all over the place with their descriptions. They wear black garb with white caps, and both were as clean as a whistle, although you could easily see their clothes had been mended repeatedly. To tell all their varied and often comic experiences would fill a book, so I'll relate but a few.

When the Japanese arrived they absolutely could not understand where the Sisters' "husbands" were, and they brought them in again and again for interrogations. They felt that the Sisters must have menfolk, spies in hiding. They did not molest the Sisters' persons, but took away their food. Another thing they couldn't understand was the nuns' support. The Sisters explained that they sewed for the natives. (The Kachins know absolutely nothing about sewing, and the Sisters remarked that they wouldn't even know how to thread a needle. So the nuns made a few rupees by doing their sewing for them. This is almost unbelievable when you see the gorgeous Kachin bags the natives weave.)

Gesticulating rapidly, the younger nun said: "When the American planes came, they dropped millions of leaflets reading, 'Run, run, run; we will soon drop bombs and don't want to kill civilians.' Aha," exclaimed the Sister, "but they didn't tell us where to run,

*To his father, Dr. J. J. Sazama, 2754 El Tivoli Dr., Dallas, 11, Texas.

because everywhere we'd run there would be Japanese, and, naturally, the Americans would find out about this and bomb the place."

Then the Sister told us how she dug holes to hide in, and remarked, with laughter, that she was always the first one in. She went on to say how, before bombing raids, there would be aerial reconnaissance, when they believed photographs were being taken. She continued: "One time an American plane comes over but does not shoot, and we know someone in it is taking pictures. I am in the hole like this (here she jumped down onto the ground and postured there with her head down and her hands over her head—cute as a trick). Suddenly I look up and there, right by the hole, stands a Japanese, looking at the plane. I know that if they take a picture and see him standing there, tomorrow they come back and bomb; so I yell, 'Hey, come on down here.' He does nothing, so I reach (pantomime) and grab him and pull him down into the hole."

The two Sisters told about another episode. One morning they had just set out breakfast when a Japanese soldier came in. They were afraid he would take their food, the older Sister said. "So we decided to make believe we were praying, and when he walked in both of us were on our knees like so (pantomime with hands folded piously). The soldier walked up to the table, and we said, 'Before we eat we must pray,' so he stepped back and we started praying, perhaps really praying, again. I got the Bible out and we pray-

ed and prayed and prayed (pantomime, turning pages with thumb). When we saw him get restless, we put the Bible down and started on our beads. Every time he opened his mouth, we would say, 'Shhhhhh! We must pray.' We were tired, but we saved our breakfast. He got tired, and went away!"

On Easter Sunday the nuns went to Communion in our unfinished church and heard Mass for the first time in 15 months.

And here is the climax, Dad, to this experience. Although both nuns were born in Italy, the parents of the younger Sister live in Glencoe, Ill. She hasn't written to them, nor heard from them, since the Japanese occupation (about three years ago). I took pictures of the Sister and as soon as we get prints of the photographs we'll send them to her folks. That should be a pleasant surprise for them.

Most of the lumber we use for "our" church came from what was a Japanese hangar. It is all teakwood, hard as metal, and just as hard to get nails into. I am very tired from all this carpentry, but it's really a worth-while project. I had to steal a lot of the nails for the construction, and hope God will forgive me. Fathers Glavin and Kapau are the chaplains here. They're quite happy over the church. And, Dad, if these Sisters, with their delightful sense of humor, could be brought to the States to make a tour and give talks — boy, what a sales point that would be for the propagation of the faith! Love to all of you. Francis.

Jobs for G.I. Joe

By DALLAS JOHNSON

Condensed from a pamphlet*

Whether you get a job as soon as you get out of the armed forces or not depends on many things. You may come back during "reconversion," and have to wait around awhile. During that time, as a veteran, you can either go to school free or collect unemployment insurance. Merchant seamen and workers in war plants do not have the same educational opportunities nor unemployment protection. Having higher pay than servicemen, they are expected to buy war bonds as protection against uncertainties.

The wages you will be offered are primarily dependent on whether there is a manpower shortage. Chances are you will get better wages than before you went away, but taxes and cost of living will have increased.

You have heard about "big wartime wages." Let's look at the average wage rate in manufacturing industries, where increases are supposed to have been highest. By January, 1945, three years after war started, the average wage rate for all factory workmen had increased 35%; for workmen who had not changed jobs since the war began, the increase was only 20%. Compare these figures with the approximate 30% cost-of-living increase during the period. Although the above wage increases do not include overtime (and

there is plenty of that now) neither do they take income taxes into account.

When you look for a job, be realistic. If you are unskilled, it usually means starting at a beginner's wage, say 50¢ to 75¢ an hour. You can't get a welder's pay without learning to be a welder, although you may shorten your period of training by making use of skills you learned in the armed forces. You must remember that some high war wages, say \$75 to \$125 a week, are for skilled work and overtime. This may mean seven days a week, 12 hours a day.

Before looking for a job, decide what you would like to do. You went into the services from one kind of work. You may leave with new interests and skills that make you wish to turn to something new. A man who has learned to take apart and put together bomber engines may not care to go back to clerking.

At separation and discharge centers, you can obtain a form describing civilian jobs you should look for to make use of what you learned. Either your service counselor or the U. S. Employment Service representative can look it up for you in the references *Special Aids for Placing Military Personnel in Civilian Jobs* and *Special Aids for Placing Navy Personnel in Civilian Jobs*.

There are 42 civilian jobs listed for

*Veteran's Guide, Public Affairs Committee, Inc., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York City, 20.

April, 1945. 32 pp. 10c.

men who handled automatic weapons such as machine guns and mortars, and those range from oilers and lock assemblers to factory inspectors. The 100 jobs for gunners range from automatic-punch operators to metal-furniture assemblers and bulldozer operators. Most jobs require some training.

If not given this information before leaving the service, you can get it back home from the nearest U. S. Employment Service office. You can also arrange through USES to take occupational tests indicating types of work you are best fitted for. State and local vocational-guidance groups, including colleges and public-school systems, offer free service to veterans.

Looking for a new job? The Veterans Employment representative of the USES may be able to help you. Representatives are stationed at most Army and Navy separation and discharge centers and at military hospitals. If looking for a job on a farm, USES will refer you to the district county agricultural agent. Under the U. S. Department of Agriculture, county agents have set up farmers' committees to help returning veterans find work.

The USES tries to do a special job for disabled veterans. Where possible, jobs are analyzed for specific physical requirements and working conditions. If the USES is not sure a veteran can stand the strain of a particular job, a physical examination is arranged. Blind veterans can get help in finding jobs from the State Commission for the Blind.

You have the inside track on a gov-

ernment job if you are honorably discharged. Civil Service gives you an even better break if you were disabled in the service. Widows of veterans and wives of some disabled veterans also get preference. This is how it works:

Almost all appointive jobs in the executive branch of the U. S. government come under Civil Service, which means it is necessary to pass a Civil Service examination. Normally, appointments to jobs are made on the basis of grades received in the exams. But you get special advantages, such as an extra five points on your examination grade. If disabled, you get ten additional points. Ten points are also given to widows of disabled veterans, and to wives of disabled veterans who can't apply because of their physical condition.

Normally, Civil Service applicants are placed on a List of Eligibles and hired in the order of examination grades received. This means that extra points given you as a veteran put you higher on the list. In addition, after the points are added, if you receive the *same grade* as a nonveteran, you will be recommended for a job ahead of him.

If a disabled veteran, you get even greater preference. If you pass the examination, your name automatically goes to the top of the list, regardless of what grade you make. This applies to all Civil Service jobs except scientific and professional jobs with starting salaries of over \$3,000.

For full information, go to one of the regional Civil Service or larger USES offices. Civil Service representa-

tives are also stationed at most separation centers and military hospitals.

Of particular interest is the Civil Service program to place the physically handicapped in jobs. An *Operations Manual for Placement of the Physically Handicapped*, given all Civil Service representatives, lists thousands of jobs.

As an honorably discharged veteran, you have a legal claim on your old job if it was other than temporary, and if you were the first to leave it to join the armed forces. If you are physically handicapped and cannot handle your old job, you have no claim on your old employer for any job. However, you are entitled to a chance to prove you can handle it. By the time all conditions are met, about one out of every five veterans under the Selective Service Act will be eligible to demand such reemployment.

You can't be kept out of your job, however, by any new conditions of employment, such as health standards required for company insurance. If wages have gone up for your kind of work, you are entitled to a pay raise; if wages have gone down, yours go down. Your seniority is increased by your years in the armed forces, and you can't be fired for one year without cause.

To get your old job back, you must apply for it within 90 days after discharge, or after release from hospitalization, if this occurs within one year. Confirm your application by registered mail, keeping a carbon copy in case of controversy.

If you have any trouble getting your

old job back, the reemployment committee man of your local Selective Service board will help you. If he can't persuade your old employer to rehire you, he can refer the case to the state Selective Service director, who, in turn, may ask a U. S. district attorney to take it to court for you free.

If you worked in the federal government before "joining up," you stand a better chance of going back to your old job, or to one like it, than in private industry. Congress was able to make more extensive provisions for government workers, because the rules didn't have to apply to so many different employment situations.

Many unions and employers have moved to grant seniority equal to their years in service to veterans starting to work for the first time. This will give such veterans an advantage over men hired while the veterans were in the armed forces. In case of layoffs, for example, the veteran would have more seniority, would hold onto his job longer.

In addition to seniority protection, business and labor are making other plans to aid the returning veteran. It is impossible to give a full description, because each company and every local labor union has its own program. The National Association of Manufacturers has recommended that all companies find jobs for disabled veterans. The CIO and the AFL have urged member unions to admit all veterans to membership, to waive initiation fees, and to cooperate in providing on-the-job training. But in the last analysis, acceptance

of those recommendations depends on the situation in the local plant or union.

The CIO, the AFL, and Railway Brotherhoods have moved to protect the disabled veteran who wants to go back to his old company but is physically unable to do his old job. They have recommended that their national and local unions make every effort to incorporate in their contracts provisions guaranteeing the rights of such veterans to reemployment at their old plants in new jobs they can do—and at the regular wage rate. This is to protect disabled veterans from being paid less than other workers on the same job.

The unions offer other benefits. You

should go directly to your local and see what provisions have been made for veterans.

Suppose you can't find a job right away. Under the *GI Bill of Rights*, you are eligible for a federal unemployment allowance if you were in the armed forces at least 90 days or were discharged for a service-incurred disability. For most veterans, this means getting \$20 a week for a maximum of 52 weeks. You make application at the nearest public employment agency, usually a U. S. Employment Service office. If you don't get a suitable job immediately after your discharge, file a claim and get your allowance, pending placement.

An Army-lieutenant friend of mine was recently home on leave from Iceland, where he had been stationed two years. We were discussing the widespread notion that the average GI is bitterly resentful of the comparatively easy wartime life of most civilians, is intensely jealous of other branches of the service, and holds an unshakable conviction that only he and his outfit have shared the real tough going in this war.

"I've heard a lot of that kind of talk among soldiers," my friend said, "but I've found it's always done for the sheer joy of griping. What really amazes me, listening to them in serious discussion, is the average GI's hair-trigger sympathy for the hardships of others, no matter how miserable his own condition or situation.

"A group from my outfit was given a furlough in England. We docked at a Scottish port soon after a ship carrying wounded from France had put in. Our boys immediately volunteered to help them disembark.

"I was standing near two privates bearing a young corporal, both of whose legs had been badly shattered by machine-gun fire. Looking up at the bearer nearest his head, the corporal asked, 'Where you stationed, soldier?'

"'Iceland,' the private muttered apologetically, almost contritely.

"'Iceland,' the other exclaimed. 'Way up there!' And then, as they bore him to the ambulance, I heard him add, this GI, who knew he faced the prospect of never putting another pair of shoes on his feet, 'Man, I'd sure hate to be in your boots!'"

Miles McMillin.

On Becoming a Catholic

By CLAUDE MCKAY

Condensed from the *Epistle**

Negro poet's odyssey

When Bishop Bernard J. Sheil of Chicago was informed by my friend Mary Jerdo, formerly of the Harlem Friendship House, that I was deeply interested in the faith and wanted to become a Catholic, the Bishop replied that with me that was an intellectual matter. An intellectual matter it has been ever since I began thinking seriously about the Catholic faith in 1938. I was baptized on Oct. 11, 1944, the feast day of the Maternity of the Blessed Virgin.

I was always religious-minded, as some of my pagan poems attest. But, unlike most Negroes, I never had faith in revealed religion. In Jamaica, when I was six, my parents sent me to live with my eldest brother to start my preliminary education. My brother, although the school teacher and lay reader for an Anglican church, really was an agnostic. By the time I was ten, he was pushing freethinking books my way. I devoured Huxley, Lecky, Haeckel, Gibbon, and others.

At 16 I became acquainted with an English squire, a Mr. Jekyll. He was interested in Jamaica's folklore, had written a book about it; and he was an agnostic. He made me a member of the Rationalist Press Association of London. I was then writing poems in the Jamaica dialect and he helped me with thought, rhyme and rhythm.

I published a book of poems in the Jamaica dialect, and praise came from all over the British Empire. Mr. Jekyll's close friend in London was a Lord Stamfordham, secretary to George V. He wrote Mr. Jekyll that he had succeeded in getting a copy of my book on the King's table, but did not know if he would read it. Young and naive, I felt excited indeed that my poems should be put on the table of the King of England.

My book was a local success, and it was decided I should go to America for a wider education. I went to Tuskegee, an excellent school of all-Negro students and teachers. But after a few months I left it for Kansas State college, where I studied two years. Then I left for New York City. Money ran through my fingers. So I went to work at any job a young Negro could find. But I kept on writing poems. In 1918 Frank Harris, editor of *Pearson's Magazine*, gave me a wide spread in his publication. Max Eastman also called me in to write for the *Liberator*. Soon I was in London, and C. K. Ogden, editor of *Cambridge Magazine*, author of *The Meaning of Meaning*, published all the poems I could write. There, too, I published a little book of poems, *Spring in New Hampshire*.

The way had already been prepared, when I arrived in the U. S., to take me

*The St. Paul Guild, 117 E. 57th St., New York City, 22. Spring, 1945.

to Max Eastman and the Socialists. He appointed me his assistant on the *Liberator*.

I visited Russia soon after the Revolution. It was a shock to find there a government and social order basically anti-human-nature, resting upon the theory that the working class could only better itself and take power by civil war, with wholesale slaughtering of other workers and the middle and upper classes. So I left and moved on to sample the rest of Europe. I swung around from place to place in the circle of disillusioned liberals and radicals.

Years before, in London, Bernard Shaw had impressed me with a long talk about the beauty of medieval cathedrals and how to look at them. Now, in France and Spain, I had leisure for contemplation in the cathedrals. I lifted up my head before the great Gothic arches and was overwhelmed by their beauty. It was in Europe that I saw the vision of the grandeur and glory of Catholicism.

I loved the people of Spain. It was the first time I ever fell in love with any people, colored or white, as a whole: Spaniards of all classes have such a fundamental understanding of the dignity of the individual and the oneness of all humanity. I discovered in Spain that Catholicism had made of the Spanish people the most noble, honest, and humane of any in the world, while Protestantism had made of Anglo-Saxons and their American cousins the most predatory and hypocritical. As a pagan I had always accepted, without thinking clearly about

it, the popular notion that Catholic countries were the most backward. But Spain taught me that progress was not with the "progressives."

I had often said that if ever I became a Christian, I would choose the Roman Catholic faith, by which I could submit to authority. But I never thought that it would ever happen. I might have chosen to become a Catholic in Spain. However, when after 12 years in Europe and North Africa, I returned to the U. S., I was still an agnostic.

Ellen Tarry, the writer of children's books, and I met in 1938. She is a Catholic, the only Catholic intellectual among Harlem's hectic mélange of pagans and Protestants. Miss Tarry talked to me about Friendship House in Harlem and Catholic Action, which, she said, were fighting the communists. I felt that any group opposing the communists was my friend, because communists were vicious, unscrupulous, and underhanded.

Ellen Tarry asked me, "Claude, why don't you become a Catholic? It is the only religion for a man who has traveled all over and seen everything."

I said, "Miss Tarry, I am an unbeliever, an agnostic."

She replied, "It is easier for an intellectual not to believe than to believe." Those words set me thinking hard, for I do not like taking things easy. I had always believed with the pagan apologists that Christianity had destroyed the glory of pagan life. To be sure about it, I started reading books about the Roman Empire in its decadence, books by Romans and books by

modern commentators. Then I saw clearly that pagan society was far more corrupt than the society that developed under Christianity. The king-gods and emperor-gods had brought ruin upon the world. People were longing and praying for the real Spirit-God. Jesus Christ, the incarnate One, had revealed in its fullness the answer to that longing.

I discovered a little of that mystical world of the spirit that eludes dictators, agnostics, and materialists. I saw, too, the Church in a light different, indeed, from the manner in which I had previously visioned it from the Protestant and agnostic angle. I did not, however, become a Catholic, then. Nor did I visit Friendship House, as Ellen Tarry had asked. One reason was that I was always averse to settlement houses. But in the winter of 1941-42 I became very ill and hid myself away from friends. Ellen Tarry, however, discovered where I was, and brought along some girls from Friendship House to nurse

me. Among them I met Mary Jerdo. She was the intellectual type, and we discovered much in common. My illness extended through many months. In the summer of 1943 Mary sent me up to her little cottage in Connecticut to get better rest and care.

In those days, some pecuniary help came from a few left-wing liberals, Freda Kirchwey, Max Eastman, and friends of the *New Leader*. My weekend visitors were former Stalinists, disillusioned Trotskyites, and anarchists, all out of the past. They meant well, but their views could not satisfy my new and deeper hunger. I thought that if I were to die, it would be those people, whose ideas and views I had altogether repudiated, who would take charge of my body. That thought made me more than ever eager to become a Catholic. In the spring of last year, Mary Jerdo, through Bishop Sheil, invited me to come to Chicago. In the fall I was baptized by Father Roach in Old St. Mary's.



Better and Better Off

The world would be better off, if people tried to become better. And people would become better, if they stopped trying to be better off. For when everybody tries to become better off, nobody is better off. But when everybody tries to become better, everybody is better off. Everybody would be rich, if nobody tried to become richer. And nobody would be poor, if everybody tried to be the poorest. And everybody would be what he ought to be, if everybody tried to be what he wants the other fellow to be.

Peter Maurin in the *Catholic Worker* (May '45).

Artemus Ward

By JOHN J. BARRY

Condensed from the *Salesianum**

Socks full of gold

"**Gentz:** I rite yu frum my humsted in Baldingsville Indianny. Ime at hum Rekuperatin and preparin fur the Summer kampain.

"Here in the Buzzum of my famerly i am enjoying myself, at peas with awl mankind and the wimmin folks like-vise. I go down to the village ockashunly and take a little old Rye for the stummucks sake but i avoyd spiritus lickers as a ginral thing. No man evir seen me intossikated but onct and that air happind in Pittzburg."

The writer continues explaining why he had become "intossikated." A crowd of "raskals" had broken into his sideshow and "aboosed" his wax figures of famous personages:

"They put a old kaved-in hat onter George Washington's hed and shuvd a short klay pipe inter his mouth. His noze they had paintid red and his trowsis legs they had shuvd inside his butes. My wax figger of Napoleong Boneypart was likewize mawltratid. His sword was danglin tween his legs, his cockd hat was drawn klean down over his ize and he was plased in a stoopin posishun looking zactly as tho he was as drunk as a biled owl ... This erc specktercal wuz too much fur me. i klosed the show and then drowndid my sorerrs in the flowin Bole.

"Probly ile rite you agin befour i take departer on the Summer kam-

pain. Very Respectively Yures, Artemus Ward."

Artemus Ward held a place similar to that of the late Will Rogers. Like him, Ward was a showman, lecturer, and writer of humorous letters and articles in which misspelling and horrible grammar contributed much of the humor. He has been dead 78 years, but his influence is still felt, and his peculiar type of wit has become characteristic of American humor.

Artemus Ward was born Charles Farrar Browne in Waterford, Maine, on April 26, 1834. His father's early death forced him to leave home and get a job on a paper in Lancaster, N.H., for his board and a few paltry dollars a week.

Charles was not ambitious. He had a flair for the funny side of life and a humorous story won preference over more important business. So the boss, who knew this weakness, usually sent his 15-year-old daughter to keep him on the job, but many a time, under the spell of his stories, she forgot her father's instructions.

'His stay came to an abrupt ending. The printing shop was directly over a room filled with barrels of rum. Charles and the other boys drilled a hole through the floor into a barrel and took turns in drinking. The result was disastrous.

*St. Francis Seminary, Milwaukee, 7, Wh. April, 1945.

With his few belongings in a bundle, Charles went to Norway, Maine, determined to become a printer. Realizing that he needed an education, he attended the Norway Liberal institute. He gave most of his attention to debates and dramatic activities. His peculiar drawl and his sense of humor won the people of Norway, and when "Charley was going to talk, the town turned out big."

A year later, he went to Boston, where he worked for a publishing house. As Charles, only 17, set the type, he came to the conclusion that he could write as cleverly as some writers. He wrote a humorous article on a July 4 celebration in his home town and slipped the paper into the editor's mail. To his surprise, the work was published.

After three years he journeyed to the Ohio valley. For a week he taught school, but the size of some boys in his classes convinced him that if he were to be successful he had to be able "to lick" every one of them. After some of them had shown their muscles, he left so hurriedly he forgot to call for his salary.

A friend got him a job on the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* at \$10 a week. Witty comments in his police and court news attracted attention and encouraged him to publish his first humorous letter and sign it Artemus Ward, after a quaint character he knew in Waterford. The letter was prefaced by the editor as having come from an illiterate proprietor of a sideshow playing in Pittsburgh.

"Pitsburg, Jan. 27, 1858.

"The Plane Dealer:

"Sir: i write to no how about the show bisnes in Cleveland i have a show consisting in part of a Calforny Bare two snakes tame foxies &c also wax works my wax works is hard to beat, all say they is life and nateral curiosities among my wax works is Our Saveyer Gen taylor and Docktor Webster in the akt of killing Parkman. now Mr. Editor scratch off few lines and tel me how is the show bisnes in your good city i shall have hanbills printed at your offis you scratch my back and i scratch your back, also git up grate blow in the paper about my show don't forgit the wax works.
Yours truly, Artemus Ward.

"p S pitsburg is a I horse town."

Readers besieged the paper for more news from the Showman, and other letters followed from different cities, as the fictitious sideshow moved from place to place. The following is the second letter:

"Wheeling, va feby the 3, 1858.

"Gents—ime movin sloyly down your way i want you should git up a tremendus excitement in the columz of your valerble paper about my show. it nox the socks off from all other shows in the u. s. my wax works is the delight of all . . . i want the editors to cum to my show Free as the flours of may, but i Dont want them to ride a Free hos to deth. the Editors in pittsburg air the sneakiest cusses i ever see. they Come to the Show in krowds and then ask me ten Sents a line for pufs . . . i put up to ther Extorshuns long Enough & left

in Dizgust . . . if you (Editor) say anything about my show pleas state my snakes is under perfeck subjecshun.
Yours truly, A. Ward."

In another letter to a fictitious wife whom he calls Betsy, he tells how he left home:

"You know, Betsy, that when I first commenced my career as a moral exhibitor with a six-legged cat and a Bass drum, I was only a simple peasant child—skurce 15 summers had flow'd over my yoothful hed. But I had sum mind of my own. My father understood this. 'Go,' he said, 'Go my son, and hog the public.' (he ment 'knock 'em,' but the old man was allus a little given to slang.) He put his withered han tremblingly onto my hed, and went sadly into the house. I thought I saw tears tricklin down his venerable chin, but it might hav been tobacker jooce. He chaw'd."

In some of the letters to the *Plain Dealer* the Showman would deliberately ask the editor to help him "bamboozle" the public. The readers of the paper loved this type of humor. Here is a sample:

"Sir—I'm moving along—slowly along—down tords your place. I want you should rite me a letter, sayin how is the show bizniss in your place . . . git up a tremenjus excitemunt in yr paper 'bowt my onparaleld Show. We must fetch the public sumhow. We must wurk on their feelins. Cum the moral on 'em strong. If it's a temperance community tell 'em I sined the pledge fifteen minits arter Ise born, but on the contry ef your peple take

their tod's, say Mister Ward is as Jenial a feller as we ever met, ful of conviviality, & the life an sole of the Soshul Bored. Take, don't you?"

The name of Artemus Ward became synonymous with humor. *Vanity Fair* offered him a job at \$20 a week. He accepted. On his way east he joined a minstrel show as an end man. With his red hair, long prominent nose, and deep-set eyes that looked at his audience but never seemed to see them, he stole the show. He joined the staff of *Vanity Fair*, but the daily routine of editing a magazine bored him and he resigned.

He then made up a lecture entitled "The Babes in the Woods," making his first appearance in New London, Conn. The speech was a great success.

It became finally a conglomeration of nonsense. His old trick of becoming more serious as he became more humorous always threw his audience into hysterics. Then he would stop as though hurt by the interruption.

In spite of his popularity his income was small. Although his crowds were large, his listeners paid whatever they desired. Ward told friends that only by strict attention to business was he able "to amass a handsum pittance."

Publication of his collection of anecdotes and humorous tales, entitled *Artemus Ward: His Book*, made him nationally popular. The book sold 40,000 copies in a few weeks and netted him \$6,000.

Plans were made for a general tour of the country. Tempting invitations came from the Far West. The manager

of the San Francisco Opera House wired: "What will you take for forty nights in California?" Ward wired back: "Brandy and Water."

Ward and his manager left New York by boat for the Isthmus of Panama. Here they traveled by rail and stagecoach to the Pacific coast to sail for San Francisco. Ward lectured on "The Babes in the Woods" to a capacity crowd of 1600 who paid \$1 each. At prosperous Virginia City, Nev., he met a "young, auburn, blue-eyed man," who became an intimate friend, later to be known as Mark Twain. This friendship eventually introduced Mark Twain to eastern readers and fame.

After a successful tour, Ward returned to New York by the overland route. It was an arduous journey, by stagecoach and horseback, with frequent talks on the way. He lectured at Salt Lake City, but a siege of mountain fever confined him to his room. When recovered, he lectured to a large crowd of Mormons who enjoyed his lecture, though he commented gently but humorously on some of their customs.

He wrote a lecture on the Mormons, "whose religion," he said, "was singular but whose wives were plural." As an added attraction, a number of western scenes painted on long, narrow strips of canvas were slowly unrolled as he spoke. The lecture attracted large crowds. A clever advertising campaign preceded his arrival in the city. Each member of the local papers received a special invitation printed in bold type

"Admit Bearer and *one* Wife." Testimonials sent ahead were written by himself:

"Mr. Artemus Ward: My dear Sir—My wife was dangerously unwell for over 16 years. She was so weak that she could not lift a teaspoon to her mouth; but in a fortunate moment she commenced reading one of your lectures. She got better at once. She gained strength so rapidly that she lifted the cottage piano and then tipped it over on her mother-in-law, with whom she had had some little trouble. We like your lectures very much. Please send me a barrel of them. Yours truly, and so is my wife, R. Springer."

Encouraged by his lecture on the Mormons, he planned to invade England. He was well off, for his western trip had filled a long stocking with \$20 gold pieces, totaling \$15,000 dollars.

He sailed in June, 1866. His fame had preceded him. A dinner in London was attended by journalists and socialites. The fame of Artemus Ward spread like wildfire.

His first lecture was a great success. He amused his listeners with his drawl, but his serious expression when telling a story caused hilarity. Many came again, for every talk was different, although the title remained the same. At times he would give recipes for perfume or hair oil. To make the latter you "take two kegs of hog's lard and boil to the consistency of mush. Stir in whiskey and musk. Bottle tight and apply when hot with a curry comb."

Ward lectured for six weeks. They

were weeks of feverish activity. Gay dinners held him until morning hours. He was warned frequently to take better care of his health. One close friend told him that he had to learn to say No. He promised to obey. That same evening he did say No to the first drink, but he spent the rest of the night celebrating his victory by saying Yes. At three A.M., still dressed in his evening clothes, he called on his friend to tell him of the No to the first drink.

This fast pace was halted. During a lecture he grew faint and was forced to leave the platform. On several occasions later he failed to keep appointments. He gave his last lecture on Jan. 23, 1867. Examination revealed tuberculosis. His doctor directed that he be sent to the Isle of Jersey, where the climate was more equable. He failed to improve. Lonesome for friends and tired of rains, he moved to Southampton.

Nothing could save him. The disease now ran rampant and the fever burned with a consuming intensity. Friends came to offer what cheer they could.

One who came was George Rose, well known to English readers as the

humorist Arthur Sketchley. When a young man, he had studied for the priesthood. He spent much of his time in Catholic activities. He spoke to Ward about the Church. Ward agreed to see a priest. Father Robert Mount of St. Margaret's church in Southampton visited him. There was not much time, for on Ash Wednesday, less than two months after his last lecture, Ward died at 33, fortified by the sacraments of the Church.

A storm of protest followed the report that Ward had died a Catholic. His manager denied it vehemently. Intimate friends confirmed the denial. The London *Tablet*, a Catholic magazine, replied that Father Mount "did what he was justified in doing for the safety of the dying man."

A Unitarian minister conducted the funeral in Kensal Green cemetery, London. Sometime later his remains were shipped to Waterford, Maine, his birthplace, where the final interment was conducted by a Protestant minister. Townspeople followed his remains to the little cemetery, and children covered his grave with large bouquets of wild flowers.

A professor of journalism in a western university swears this is true: A reporter wrote an article in which he mentioned Mary Magdalene. The copy-desk man was irritated at the slovenly newspaper work of the reporter in not indicating in some way who Mary Magdalene was. His irritation increased when he looked her up in *Who's Who in America* and could not find her listed.

From the *Morality of the Newspaper* quoted by John S. Brockmeier in the Western edition, *Our Sunday Visitor* (27 May '43).

The Irish in America

By PRESIDENT HARRY S. TRUMAN

Condensed from an address*

The Irish people throughout the world pay homage to the good St. Patrick. Millions of others, even those who do not follow his faith, have acquired a deep and abiding affection for the kindly saint from Ireland. In spreading the faith, the good saint condemned slavery, fought racial discrimination, and sought to end the tragic isolation of Ireland from the civilization and culture of the outside world.

So many legends have grown up around the patron saint of Ireland, that it is rather difficult to distinguish fact from fiction. Although it cannot be proven that St. Patrick actually drove the snakes from the Emerald Isle, we do know that he labored long and hard to expel all evil. In addition to his spiritual teaching, St. Patrick also introduced the learning of the age to Ireland, and brought the Irish to the rest of the world.

Today, America needs the benevolent aid of another St. Patrick. Evil doctrines of discrimination, frequently imported from gangster nations, plague certain areas in America. Racial and religious intolerance is being preached and practiced here by agents of our enemies, as well as by innocent victims of their propaganda.

Unfortunately, propaganda poison is exceedingly difficult to remove from our national bloodstream.

The aftereffects of this poison may be felt for years to come, especially if we do not recognize its danger and actively combat its spread. No nation on earth is more vulnerable to intolerance and bigotry than America, for no nation is composed of more diverse races and differing creeds than this land of the free.

America became great by being a secure haven for freedom of thought and action. Despite all our shortcomings, we in this country truly present an inspiring example to struggling humanity. We prove conclusively that people of every race and of every creed can dwell together in harmony. Into the plain word *American* is fused all the ideals, hopes, inspiration and faith of our people. In fact, America has become the hope and inspiration of all oppressed people throughout the civilized world.

Common sense requires that all Americans should take a good look at modern air maps. By air no place on the globe is more than 60 hours from your own municipal airport, and this time is steadily decreasing. However, I feel confident that, just as the end of isolation in Ireland in St. Patrick's time was beneficial, so will the new era of international cooperation be a blessing for America and for the world! No nation on this globe should be more

*While Vice President. Delivered before the Irish Fellowship club in Chicago, and broadcast over CBS. March 17, 1945.

internationally minded than America. Whatever happens in any part of the world personally affects some of us.

When Ireland starved we sympathized and contributed food; when Germans murdered the Poles and persecuted Jews, Americans wept for them. When the British bled at Dunkirk, Americans suffered with them; when Russia was overrun by the Nazis and China by the Japs, American hearts were with those unfortunate people.

In the light of history, it is not surprising that America has finally assumed world leadership. What other nation has such an intimate understanding of the problems and aspirations of every race? America was built and developed by members of every racial group.

Our powerful nation has been welded into one mighty force for freedom by the united efforts of all our people. Our national motto, *E pluribus unum*, indicates: one out of many. To me, this refers not merely to the many sovereign states, but also to the members of the many races and creeds, who retain their individual integrity, but become Americans all! Today our heroic fighting men are again making it possible for America to preserve the ideals for which we stand.

St. Patrick in Ireland and Abraham Lincoln in America took a forthright position on the question of slavery. They fought for the basic dignity of every human being. They stressed the essential importance of the individual, regardless of race or creed. The world

today needs the spiritual guidance of inspired leaders, who can rise above creed or class, who can help humanity gain security. If civilization intends to avoid destruction, nations must learn to live together in harmony with each other.

International organization can be successful only if all members of the family of nations actually abide by reasonable rules agreed to for the benefit of all. This requires self-restraint and tolerance. If each nation insists upon absolute freedom of action according to the legal concept of sovereignty, international anarchy becomes inevitable. Such an international organization must be created as soon as possible. We dare not postpone building storm shelters until storm clouds gather. We must not wait for a perfect international plan. Modern wars do not wait while statesmen plan future Utopias. We must act and act promptly to check wars before they can get started.

As we united for victory, we must unite for peace. In winning the peace, the moral strength of the Irish can be a most potent factor. While the government of Eire has remained neutral during the war, her sons have distinguished themselves in the armies of the United Nations. In peace, as in war, the influence of the Irish in the cause of justice far exceeds the strength of their numbers.

It is hard to realize that the population of Chicago far exceeds that of Ireland, or that 100 years ago, the Emerald Isle had twice its present population. Most of the sons of Ireland

emigrated to America, where they made substantial contributions to our civilization. Irish scholars for centuries have been among the leaders in the academic world. The founding of Trinity College at Dublin in 1591, and that of the University of Notre Dame at South Bend in 1842, are outstanding examples of how Irishmen have actively promoted higher learning throughout the world.

At schools supported by the Irish, mental and physical training are combined. Football teams of Notre Dame,

for instance, have become an American institution and represent the best in our tradition for fair play and clean sport. The spirit of teamwork and co-operation taught on the gridirons of America should extend to our national life.

Only by working together can we reach our national goal—victory. The United Nations also must work together, if we are to gain a just and lasting peace. That will require vision and hard work—tolerance—and practical idealism, by every race and creed.



Asides

It is a great mistake to suppose that God is only, or even chiefly, concerned with religion.—Late Anglican Archbishop *William Temple*.

PROBABLY DOESN'T EVEN GO TO CHURCH.

About 95% of South America's population is Catholic. Yet Hollywood has done nothing to appeal to these masses.—*Brazilian consul to Jimmie Fidler*.

THEY GOT DONALD DUCK, DIDN'T THEY?

Because of the paper shortage, pre-election campaigning in Paris was almost nonexistent.—*Paris Ministry of Information dispatch*.

PARADISE REGAINED.

Esau's pottage, the meal for which Esau sold his birthright, is said to have been a bean soup.—*Eater's Digest*.

IT STILL WASN'T WORTH IT.

David, a ten-year-old Los Angeles evangelist, continues to address churchgoers. His precocity is remarkable. At Shrine auditorium he spoke on "The Evils of Opium and Life Along Skid-row."

WHAT EVERY YOUNG MAN SHOULD KNOW.

Bishop Ernest William Barnes of the Church of England (on Mother's Day) advocated euthanasia (death) for defective children, and sterilization to lessen the "scrub population."

HEROD, AT LEAST, SHOULD APPROVE.

An American soldier who punched nazi prisoners was punished with a jail term. He did something most Americans feel like doing. It is incredible.—*Walter Winchell*.

BUT SLIGHTLY ON THE DEMOCRATIC SIDE.

The Holy Shroud of Christ

By CLEMENT J. McNASPY, S.J.

Condensed from the *Review for Religious**

A negative is positive

It may be that you are not an amateur photographer; but if you are, or have been, you should be pleased to know that an amateur photographer took the most talked of, the most written about, probably the most important, picture ever taken. He was Secondo Pia, an Italian lawyer. Toward the end of the last century, when photography was a novelty, Pia was president of a society of amateurs. He would probably never have become known outside Italy were it not for this one picture.

In 1898 Signor Pia decided it was time someone photographed a relic venerated in Turin, known as the *santa sindone*. The holy shroud had been in Turin for many centuries, where pious folk revered it as the burial shroud of our Lord.† Several times a century it was publicly exposed with elaborate ritual. Copies of the relic had been painted and showed vaguely the figure of a man with wounds in head, hands, feet, and side; yet even the most ardent devotees could not say the figure appeared impressive. Photography had been known less than a century, and up to then no one had photographed the relic.

It required much diplomatic maneuvering for Pia to secure the needed permission. The shroud belonged, not

*See CATHOLIC DIGEST, April, 1941, p. 89.

to the Church, but to the royal house of Italy. It was kept in an ornate silver reliquary in a special chapel adjoining Turin cathedral, and the traditional way of exposing the relic precluded photography. It would be hard to take a picture of a relic exposed over the altar, with imperfect lighting. But Signor Pia, determined, at last secured the royal permission.

A clumsy scaffold was erected, and the lighting problem solved. Signor Pia made his exposure and brought his plates to the darkroom for development. As this was the first such photograph, he was excited. All went well until the negative began to come clearly into view. Was he seeing things? Were his nerves too highly strung? Signor Pia found it hard to finish his developing.

The discovery in that darkroom had profound implications. The mysterious shroud of Turin, which tradition held to be the burial shroud of Christ, was itself a *negative*. Everyone knows what a negative is, and that when one takes a negative of what is a negative, a positive results. Signor Pia's negative of the shroud turned out to be the positive of a man. What was dark on the shroud became light on the plate, what was light became dark.

The discovery startled the world. That piece of cloth with its unimpre-

sive stains was something to shock even the least scientific. Photography was a new thing and this cloth was many centuries old. The stupendous fact was that the face on the shroud, for the first time, now appeared deeply majestic, sad, buffeted, yet placid and sacred; the face of someone dead, tortured to death, yet seeming to contain an unseen life that thwarted death.

Almost overnight the European press was thrown into a flurry. Enthusiasts hailed the discovery. Debunkers condemned it as a vast hoax, a shameful perpetration of clerics. The learned Catholic world was confused and divided: "Could this be true? Wasn't it too good to be true?" The century had been so devoted to irreligion and unbelief it seemed incredible our Lord could have postponed so great a discovery to this time.

Within five years, more than 3,000 articles and books had been provoked by Signor Pia's photograph. Much of this literature was regrettably bitter, not to say discourteous. Some opponents accused Signor Pia of monstrous bad faith.

In the main, those opposed were historians. One of the Church's chief historians, Canon Ulysse Chevalier, became identified as leader of the skeptics. He had gathered all the documents he could find. Records beyond the 14th century were obscure. To make matters worse, a French Bishop of that period had had a serious dispute with the canons who then owned the shroud. In something of a fury, the Bishop had protested to the Antipope

Clement VII (then generally recognized in France as Pope) that the canons were more devoted to the shroud than to the Blessed Sacrament, and were using it as a means of making money. He insisted the shroud was really not Christ's burial shroud, but only a painting. Someone had confessed to an earlier Bishop that he had painted it.

This document, coupled with the lack of other proof, satisfied Canon Chevalier that the Turin shroud could not be authentic. Chevalier's published findings, because of his high standing among historians, were thought to have closed the case. Apparently no one noted the fact that the document on which he relied was suspicious; that it was contradicted by other documents, including three official statements of the Bishop's successor; that it had no strict corroboration; that it did not even name the alleged painter; and that the shroud had been accepted by earlier scholars who had known the document.

Meanwhile, several scientists began studying the shroud itself. Dr. Paul Vignon, biologist, and Colonel Colson, physicist, were convinced after a series of experiments that the stains were not painted, but the result of natural causes. They discovered that a cloth covered with aloes would become stained if kept very close to a body covered with the acid contained in perspiration. Aloes had been used in Christ's burial, as we learn from St. John's Gospel; and our Lord's Body must have been covered with dried up

perspiration. The stains produced in experiments were like those seen on the shroud.

Other scientists became interested, and Dr. Yves Delage, physiologist at the University of Paris, an avowed unbeliever, publicly pronounced the shroud's authenticity. To colleagues he insisted: "I have remained faithful to the true spirit of science. I sought only to discover the truth, remaining indifferent whether it would serve one religious faction or another." At the Academy of Sciences he stated: "Christ impressed Himself on the shroud. And if it be not Christ, who should it be? A condemned man, tortured in the same manner as Christ? But, then, how explain the expression of majesty on this face?" And replying to certain irreligious friends who objected to his "selling out to religion," he retorted: "If it were the image of one of the Pharaohs (and not of Christ), no one would have any criticism to offer."

All this happened toward the end of the last century. Then for some 30 years discussion subsided while Dr. Vignon and other scientists continued research. More and more clearly, arguments favored authenticity; yet more photographs were needed, larger, detailed ones. In 1931 permission was granted for a new exposition of the shroud. The most important phase of this inspection was production of several new photographs.

Signor Pia was well along in years, and Cavaliere Giuseppe Enrie, a recognized expert, on May 3, 1931, took the new photographs. At 10:30 that

night, the chapel of exposition was closed to the public; nothing should interfere with perfect execution of the task.

The relic was lowered reverently to the position Enrie had selected. The glass was removed, and Cardinal Fossati, Archbishop of Turin and student of the shroud, personally helped straighten the cloth for the picture. Enrie took all the exposures he wished: some of the shroud as a whole; others of detailed sections, particularly of the face. When the work was completed, Enrie, Dr. Vignon, other scientists and Signor Pia entered the darkroom in the sacristy. It was almost dawn when the negatives were completed.

The photography had been so successful that when Cardinal Fossati saw the negative of the face he received it on his knees, kissing it and thanking God for this great consolation. The new photography had vindicated and verified Signor Pia's early work, with all the advantages of modern apparatus and techniques.

March 21, 1934, Cavaliere Enrie was given a special audience at the Vatican. The hall of Tronetto was selected; before the Holy Father entered, Enrie arranged the main photograph so that the Holy Father should see it as he entered. The Pope was obviously deeply impressed, examining the photograph minutely, and discussing details with great interest. He reminded Enrie that he had personally studied the question, and thought highly of the apologetic purposes to which it could now be put. Before leaving the hall,

the Holy Father personally conferred on Enrie the gold medal of the Holy Year.

Two years later, at a public audience, Pope Pius distributed small copies of the shroud negative to more than 1,000 Catholic Action young men. He alluded to them as "pictures of Christ, the most beautiful, most suggestive, most precious that one can imagine." He called the shroud of Turin "certainly more sacred than perhaps any other" object, and stated it was now clearly established as such in the most positive and scientific manner.

It is impossible to sketch here the complex arguments supporting such conclusions. The shroud is not a painting of any kind. This has been definitely established. The perfection of the anatomy is proof it could not have been painted at the period when we know it existed. Even today, qualified artists using modern skills cannot copy the shroud so faithfully that photographs will look at all convincing. Still less can anyone so paint that the negative will look like a positive under photography. And all this would have had to happen before the great age of painting and before discovery of photography. Moreover, any painting technique, when examined closely, especially under photographic enlargement, leaves clear traces of painting. The shroud is devoid of such indications.

The other choice is that it was formed by contact with a body (or perhaps a statue) prepared for that purpose. This could be accidental or intentional. Yet even skeptics admit that, if

it is not Christ's shroud, resemblance cannot be accidental. There are too many coincidences with the Gospel account of the passion: for instance, the head, hand, and foot wounds; the side pierced with a lance; the evidence of a cross having been carried; the scourging.

It is either Christ's shroud, or a forgery caused by contact with some other body. But a forger would have to find a remarkably beautiful and perfect body, with clear Jewish features; he would have to know facts about crucifixion that science has only recently discovered (for instance, that the hand wounds were in the wrist, where the shroud indicates); the forger would have to do his entire job with such skill and knowledge of anatomy as to deceive scientists who studied the shroud for years. Many other reasons can be urged, and yet more against a statue hypothesis. Hence, the skeptics either avoid the question or suggest it may be a painting after all, failing to recognize unanswerable arguments.

Thus we seem forced to hold that it *is* the burial shroud of Christ, that the images on it *are* images of Christ. Though history does not bridge the gap between the first and 14th centuries, we have a shroud that cannot have been produced artificially (least of all before modern times), that clearly belonged to someone crucified, scourged, crowned with thorns, pierced in the side, hurriedly buried yet wrapped in an expensive cloth with aloes, and who mysteriously left the shroud before corruption could set in, all in

agreement with the Gospels.

At the outbreak of the war two commissions of scholars had for years been studying the question. Convinced of the shroud's authenticity, they were examining details of early history. Among them were eminent minds of the Church: specialists in theology, Scripture, medicine, physiology, chemistry, archaeology, history, and other sciences. The complete list reads like a *Who's Who* among Catholic intellectuals.

But unbelievers, as well, have pronounced in favor of the shroud, such as Dr. Yves Delage. Among contemporary students, Dr. Henri Terquem, a specialist in legal medicine, created something of a sensation when, after many years of study, he concluded that the shroud can only be that of Christ.

His study, in book form,* has recently been crowned by the French Academy.

Most impressive to those who have studied the shroud closely is the face. To use the words of two competent critics of art: "In that image we see the majesty of the God-man. There is something overwhelming in those closed eyes, in that masterful countenance which seems to bear the impress of eternity." "At last we may gaze upon the face of the martyr God as it looked when He was interred, and prostrate ourselves before it to admire or to worship." Indeed, it would seem, as a recent Pontiff has suggested, that providence has reserved this amazing discovery for our own times as a spur to our faith and our love of Christ.

**Le Linceul de Turin, Etude Scientifique.*
Paris, Picard: 1936.



The following are the statistics of Catholics living in the territories east of the Curzon line which, according to the Yalta decision, are to be Russian:

Archdiocese of Vilna: 1,485,000 Catholics, 528 priests, 470 churches.

Archdiocese of Lwow (Latin rite): 800,000 Catholics, 795 priests, 997 churches.

Archdiocese of Lwow (Greek rite): 1,300,000 Catholics, 1,004 priests, 1,267 churches.

Diocese of Pinsk: 565,000 Catholics, 106 priests, 251 churches.

Diocese of Luck: 398,000 Catholics, 246 priests, 183 churches.

Diocese of Przemysl (Latin rite): 1,200,000 Catholics, 720 priests, 660 churches.

Diocese of Przemysl (Greek rite): 1,159,380 Catholics, 657 priests, 1,268 churches.

Diocese of Stanislawow (Greek rite): 1,000,000 Catholics, 495 priests, 886 churches.

In addition, there are numerous schools, monasteries and other religious houses, the fruit of centuries of Catholic culture.

Annuario Pontificio for 1944.

Earthquakes to Order

By PATRICK J. FLYNN

Condensed from his column*

Two Jesuit priests have been doing some dynamiting around Hemlock lake, famed and highly prized water supply of Rochester, N. Y. There is no need to fear a Jesuit plot. Fathers Daniel Linehan and Thomas J. Smith are scientists from Weston college, Weston, Mass. At the request of Rochester city engineers the priest-scientists have been making a seismic survey.

For a long time Rochester has been studying how it might increase its severely taxed water supply. The engineers seem to have hit on a good plan. They are exploring the possibility of enlarging the capacity of the Hemlock watershed by erecting a dam. This plan entails some engineering problems. A dam must have solid-rock foundations, and the engineers had to know what is under the ground up at Hemlock. And that is where the Weston college Jesuits came into the picture.

Rochester engineers sought the advice of government authorities at Washington and were referred to Weston, where the Jesuits have developed a technique called seismic prospecting or surveying. I talked with Fathers Linehan and Smith and in an hour or so learned all I shall ever know about seismology. Father Linehan is the seismologist in charge at the Weston observatory and Father Smith a professor

of physics. Most persons think seismology is the study of earthquakes, but Father Linehan insists that more accurately it is the study of vibrations. Today newspapers frequently carry reports that earthquake tremors have been recorded and readers may remember that usually these reports come from Jesuit institutions. Father Linehan cleared up this point. Jesuit schools, he explained, have pioneered in seismological study. In 1909, Jesuit colleges in this country installed seismological apparatus to observe earthquakes and other vibrations. Today, with 18 stations, the Jesuits lead all groups in the U. S. in this work, even the U. S. government. Before and especially during this war the Navy has depended on the Jesuits for scientific reports.

At Weston, hurricanes can be picked up on the delicate instruments 24 hours ahead of the nearest weather station, and Father Linehan can discover a hurricane in the West Indies (2,000 miles from Boston) one minute before it starts. This is important during war. At his observatory, Father Linehan says, he can locate exactly any depth bomb which explodes on the Atlantic seaboard between Portland, Maine, and Atlantic City.

But Father Linehan and his associ-

*On Guard! In the Catholic Courier-Journal, 50 Chestnut St., Rochester, 4, N. Y.
April 19, 1945.

ates don't just sit waiting for earthquakes and hurricanes to happen. When there are no earthquakes to study, they travel around the country making their own earthquakes. To do this they have rigged up a strange truck, actually a mobile laboratory. Inside the truck (which the Jesuits constructed) is all the equipment for photographing and recording vibrations and sounds. As far as Father Linehan knows, the laboratory is the only one of its kind in the country.

Father Linehan explains his work quite simply. Suppose, he says, a person stands on the side of a valley and calls across. In a few seconds or minutes the echo will return. Sound travels through air at 1,100 feet a second, and Father Linehan explains that, if you count the seconds it takes the person's voice to come back across the valley, you can tell how wide the valley is. Up at Hemlock lake the Jesuit scientists have been studying the speed of sound not through air but through dirt. By placing dynamite charges in the ground, little earthquakes will be produced, and in this way the Jesuits will send sound deep down into the ground instead of through the air. They not only send sound down into the ground but they even bring it back again, and inside their traveling laboratory they photographically record the speed at which the sounds of the dynamite explosions travel in and out of the ground. Once the Jesuits have their sound photographs which tell the speed at which the sound travels under the

ground, they can also tell what is under the ground. Sound travels at different speeds, depending on whether it is going through gravel, sand, or rock. All this may be fabulous magic to the layman but to the Weston Jesuits it is pure science. It is very tricky science, but it definitely is not a parlor trick.

The Jesuit Fathers have always been in the forefront of scientific research. Father Linehan has made graduate studies in geology at Harvard and Father Smith is completing research work in physics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Their experiences illustrate the progressive spirit of the Society of Jesus. In 1936 Father Smith was a member of the Georgetown National Geographic solar-eclipse expedition to Siberia. But traveling in atheistic Russia did not prevent this priest-scientist from celebrating Mass. Behind locked doors, he used his trunk for altar. He had no vestments. The cross on his rosary was his altar crucifix, and a little cocktail cup gilded with silver, his chalice. Father Linehan, too, has had his experiences, among which was the job of chaplain to a leper colony at Jamaica, W. I. During the war both priests have become scientific trouble-shooters. When a vast chemical company engaged in vital war production began to sink, a hurried call brought the two seismic prospectors with their rolling laboratory. They also went down to the West Indies when the government needed them to make a naval base earthquake-proof.

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The Clean of Heart

By JAMES A. MAGNER

Not Puritan; not libertine

The art of developing a Christian personality embraces a right outlook, sound and tested principles of action, personal habits in conformity with law, and self-discipline of appetites. These requirements are nowhere more true and urgent than in that aspect of personality which is denominated as sex. To the extent a person has mastered the problems arising from sex and turned the impulses of the flesh into strong and generous well-springs of sympathy and lofty action, he has learned the mastery of life itself. In reverse, warped and confused mentality on the subject can beget habits and attitudes far beyond the immediate range of sexual activity and can manifest itself in various forms of personal maladjustment and mischief.

Two general extremes can be held responsible for many personal difficulties, the Puritanical approach and the libertine approach. Each is wrong. The task of achieving a rational equilibrium may call for prolonged and strenuous effort.

The Puritanical approach originates in the secret and mysterious aspects of sex and human nature. Our first introduction to the mystery of life is frequently the idea that children are brought to one's doorstep by that rare bird, the stork, or delivered in the small black valise of a strange man

Condensed chapter of a book*

known as the doctor. Parents are usually noncommunicative on this matter, so that boys and girls are initiated into sex knowledge by more mature and highly strung companions, by prurient jargon, from the occasional revelations of inconsiderate adults, or from sly reading in encyclopedias or family medical books.

The first stirrings of physical adolescence frequently lead to experimentation with self. Secrecy develops vicious habits. Alley education increases confusion and shame, and official silence begets the idea that it is better to work out one's salvation in the turmoil of one's own mind. Contact with the outlooks and conduct of others heightens the sense of personal confusion and aloneness.

Often the growing boy or girl is exposed to a type of squeamish education that makes comprehension and adjustment still more difficult. Everything is explained in terms of sin, and delicacy is pushed so far as to render everything connected with sex unmentionable and immoral. Without in the least wishing to cast aspersion on the high and noble standards of living taught in school and at home, occasionally overzealous and poorly informed persons create false, overscrupulous consciences and mental confusion, by imparting an unearthly and unrealistic

*Personality and Successful Living. 1945. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, I, Wis.
251 pp. \$2.75.

view of sex and of human love. Under the influence of such ideas a girl may mistakenly flee in horror from the very idea of courtship and marriage, and deprive herself of the legitimate joys of a home and children. Boys and girls alike, unless educated sympathetically in the meaning of their relationships and given a reasonable opportunity to know one another as human beings, can develop warped mentalities or rebel violently against unfair and, indeed, un-Christian repression.

Why evasion and prudery exist is difficult to understand. No doubt there is a useful purpose behind the secrecy with which nature tends to shroud the more essential and distinctive phases of sexual life. On the other hand, all nature gives ample and open evidence of God's plan, and, indeed, in terms so simple that a child can grasp it. There is nothing impure in the growth of a plant from a seed. The process of development from flower to fruit is one of the most beautiful phenomena, and a simple explanation of pollination is not likely to give rise to "bad" thoughts. In the same way, the propagation of animals is quite familiar, and children seldom are shocked, even by such intimate scenes as the suckling of pet puppies.

The meaning of parenthood, gradually unfolded according to the capacity of the growing mind, should be one of youth's most beautiful lessons. Considerate parents should provide a true and adequate explanation of sexual development within the individual, of sexual hygiene, and of rational, Chris-

tian methods of meeting problems as they arise. If children are taught, directly or by whispered inference, to regard this whole department of their lives with shame, it is too much to expect them to bare their souls when they desperately need advice and encouragement. The confessional can help, but frequently this help is fragmentary and a bit late.

The libertine approach is, of course, more rapidly destructive of personal character and social stability. In its basest form, this approach disregards all law and moral responsibility. Sexual indulgence is regarded as a normal, free expression of personality—one of life's experiences, with no other guide than impulse, no other check than that of social vigilance and respectability. Born of a pagan outlook, this philosophy looks only to the gratification of an appetite, emphasizing the element of sensual pleasure. Women are regarded as legitimate prey; men are regarded solely as brutes for women's satisfaction. This may sound crude, but it is substantially the view of many who have thrown over the Christian concept of love.

In this level of expression the "dirty" story is a conversation piece, with its lubricious and cynical quip on physiological aspects of sex life rightfully reserved for privacy, or with a snigger impugning the reality of moral standards and endeavors. In the same category comes the perennial crop of "art" in magazine illustrations, in reading matter, in stage and motion-picture production, calculated only to stimu-

late erotic pleasure. Not to pause over the fatalistic philosophy which regards the brothel as a necessary concomitant of society, as a sort of slaughterhouse of love, this entire school finds its logical expression in the casual, if impetuous, demand on the part of men for immediate sexual gratification, with women who meet their fancy, and, on the part of women, in a kind of expectancy that normal men will invariably reveal the brute in them.

Thus the graciousness and deep qualities of womanhood are spurned or become the last things realized by shallow souls for whom only a sudden impulse of flesh means love. Thus the prude and libertine meet on common ground, neither appreciating the emotional significance of love or the relationship of its physical with its spiritual values. The one flees with horror from what he cannot understand; the other leaps into the burning fire like a fool.

The libertine approach to love, however, is not confined to uncomprehending and immature spirits for whom a first impulse serves as solitary guide. Immorality can appear in solemn form and utter warning tones with the apparent authority of science and consideration of humanity. Thus the English philosopher and mathematician, Bertrand Russell, whose services were once advocated for the American public schools, has urged premarital sex experience as a test of compatibility for possible husbands and wives.

Easy divorce and remarriage, under due process of law, have likewise been represented as a sociological develop-

ment in line with the requirements of the 20th century. The marriage bond being reduced to a mere contingent promise, and possessing only the sanction of a reversible civic recognition, the matter of sexual attraction and relationships would seem to broaden out to such a degree that the assignment of any standards becomes impossible. As a matter of fact, the multiplication of divorce and remarriage in the U. S. has reached alarming proportions, and the situation becomes more tragic with the public character of many of the personalities embroiled in marital misadventures.

Added to this is the current barrage of propaganda for birth control by means of contraceptives, likewise urged as a necessary sociological development. Thus the supreme sexual act assumes merely the same physiological character as that of the solitary act, yet is justified as an act of love.

As a result of this insidious development, the American family has steadily dwindled in size; and though, as a result of fewer mouths to feed, many persons have more to spend on their own clothes, food, drink, motor cars, much of the so-called "higher standard of living" is a cloak for selfishness of character and irresponsibility of outlook. The business of clean, ethical living is not simply a mechanical matter of "purity" as an isolated virtue, but embraces a wide range and combination of virtues, of mental attitudes and practiced determinations.

Mental balance, broad interests, and balanced activities are required to con-

quer the luxuriant jungle growth of what are sometimes called "bad thoughts," but which for the most part are merely promptings of the imagination stimulated by an organic condition of the body itself, and which must be kept under proper control. The natural purpose of such promptings is to secure the great underlying result of the propagation of the human race, just as the promptings of the appetite for food and drink are intended by nature to urge the individual to sustain his health. None of the promptings is "bad" in this sense. They become bad or good according to the objects to which they are directed and the deliberated purpose they serve.

Erotic images which nature might allow to pass across the mind as a reminder of the impulses of the flesh can serve no useful or good purpose if allowed in the field of unlawful desire.

Some persons are violently afflicted with meteoric mental storms of this type. Particularly during the periods of adolescence and again on the threshold of what is called the "change of life" in the 40's, highly colored dreams of a Mohammedan heaven flash across their struggling brains. When this condition is coupled with physical debility or nervous exhaustion, the most obvious remedy is rest and a good tonic. When it arises in connection with mental stagnation or dullness of routine, the answer is great variety of activity, outdoor exercise, and possibly some creative reading or useful diversion.

Premarital relationships in courtship, and extra-marital relationships in

all circumstances, require for their proper conduct a corresponding consciousness of ethical principle and personal responsibility, high standards of mutual regard, and self-control. Many a man of fine character has been ruined by selfish women whose conception of love is intimate indulgence of the flesh; and many a splendid woman has been imposed upon and dragged down to unfortunate levels by the importunities of men who have demanded sacrifice of virtue as proof of devotion.

Particularly in American life, where almost unlimited freedom is granted in the mingling of men and women, the development of self-assurance must be placed on the firm basis of knowledge of what is right and what is wrong, side by side with a realization of the inclinations of animal appetites. Youth must be trained in the civilized social courtesies and taught to understand that these are not merely the trappings of respectability, but safeguards against human frailty. A mature outlook is developed slowly, first by cordial hospitality in the home and a reasonable supervision over hours and types of friends cultivated outside. In the school, good manners in keeping with the formality of sex are to be encouraged. The purpose and value of proper dress are to be emphasized. The amenities of dancing, the niceties of etiquette, the cultivation of social restraint are all lessons which must be taught deliberately by wise parents and educators if youth is to arrive at maturity with a clean and steady outlook.

Just where and how to draw the line

between rational prudence and severity in this educational process is not easy to say. Temperaments differ so widely and human reactions to guidance are so diverse that each case must be studied by itself. Some boys and girls are instinctively restrained, even shy, so that the problem, if any, consists in drawing them out into social cordiality and developing the arts of self-assurance and poise. Others, from early childhood, incline to be unstable and sexually precocious, and require much more care and patience. The same is true of the adult, so that what may constitute a positive danger for one individual may be no more than a casual circumstance for another.

For all of us alike, however, there are certain common considerations. We cannot allow ourselves, for example, to associate on a basis of social intimacy with persons of loose morals, to frequent public centers of low standards, or to place ourselves in circumstances which clearly violate social conventions, without incurring serious risks. Irresponsible automobile courtships, philandering with married persons, keeping indiscriminate hours, drinking unwisely are all symptoms of the moral maladjustment of our age. As undue liberties increase, attitudes and habits form which destroy Christian personality; and no one can say that he or she is immune from the common danger.

One of the most insidious temptations is that of rationalizing immoral conduct, so as to make it appear to conscience as something entirely ex-

cusable or even holy. Impulses of the flesh are then interpreted as commands of mother nature, to be obeyed without question. The fullness of physical union between lovers is justified as the irresistible manifestation of a union of souls, which harms no one and which God Himself must sanction. This form of argumentation, like all forms of self-deceit, requires the support of one lie after another, until the chain of rebellion enters every department of life. The unhappy mental warrior begins to doubt the sexual integrity of everyone and frequently withdraws faith in religion and even in God. If one *will sin*, it is better to transgress with an honest consciousness of wrong and of guilt. With this attitude, the sinner is at least capable of contrition and retains his sense of principle. But there is small hope for the cowardly and evasive.

In marriage and out, the same rules hold. Considerate restraint must always accompany true love. Generosity and self-control are watchwords with men and women who strive to deepen their capacity for affection.

I have emphasized the development of the *internal* personality. This is of the essence of right, happy, successful living. It means fidelity, graciousness, and trust in women, without any diminution of charm and grace. But by the same token, every interior virtue, as well as every interior vice, leaves its stamp on the external person, sometimes intangibly but nevertheless really and certainly. And there is none that so readily shows itself as the mark of chastity or its opposite. It may appear

in the cast of the eye, in the arrangement of dress, in posture, in a stray word, but the atmosphere or impression is there for instinct to detect. Wholesomeness of personality reveals itself at a glance, just as looseness of morals betrays its presence in persons, houses, and even neighborhoods.

It is frequently said that there are far more grievous faults than those of frailty of the flesh. This is undoubtedly true. More than that, strong passion is often found in persons of intensely generous instincts, and if sublimated into noble action, may well be one of the driving forces of creative expression in art, literature, social uplift, and of religious impulse itself. History is full of examples of persons, like St. Augustine, who have turned their energy from the pursuit of sensual gratification to that of the highest ideals in the service of mankind. It seems clear from the Gospels that Mary Magdalene, before her conversion to Christ, was a woman of the streets and possibly the selfsame who washed the Master's feet with her tears and anointed them with precious oil while the Scribes and Pharisees raised eyebrows.

It is true also that in His compassion for sinners and in His expressions of divine mercy, Christ never discriminated against those who had the misfortune of sexual frailty, but pointed out that all alike, and both sexes equally, are subject to the same standards and the same consideration. One of the most beautiful incidents related in the Gospels is that of Christ's courage and courtesy toward the woman accused

of adultery and about to be stoned. "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her," He said to the crowd of her self-appointed executioners, and while He stooped to write in the sand some pertinent facts, they crept away in shame. Then turning toward the unhappy woman, He asked, "Hath no man condemned thee? Neither will I condemn thee. Go, and now sin no more."

Nevertheless, lest we plead human frailty as a justification for looseness, Christ has been particularly severe in His laws governing marriage as well as particularly generous in His promises to the clean of heart: "Blessed are the clean of heart, for they shall see God." Two of the Ten Commandments are given to an insistence upon the divine will: VI. Thou shalt not commit adultery; IX. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife. Never requiring that which is above human strength, the Lord replied to St. Paul's prayer, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for power is made perfect in infirmity." And to all who retain faith in His special institutions of grace, there remain the sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, as sources of forgiveness, guidance, and strength.

Present standards of sexual morality, as publicized by press, screen, and stage, are perilously low. The person who wishes to keep his balance and develop his life in conformity with the rich personality of Christ will have to make a heroic effort. But this much is certain: successful and happy living means high standards and *clean* living.

To cover 25,200,000 years

A New Calendar

By A. ALVAREZ, C.Ss.R.

Condensed from *Revista Javeriano**

Calendar reform is still a problem simply because the solutions proposed are not acceptable. As an echo to a general demand calling for better arrangement and simplification in the Gregorian calendar now in use, numerous proposals have come up. Two have gained some public favor: the positivist calendar and the world calendar.

Both are in agreement on the essential point. Years would begin with the first day of the week, or Sunday, and end on Saturday. The one extra day of ordinary years and the two in leap year are extras which in ordinary years would be put at the end of the year and, in leap years, one between June and July, the other at the end of December. Their difference is that the positivist calendar calls for 13 months, each of four weeks, and all beginning on Sunday; whereas, the world calendar divides the year into the four traditional quarters, all beginning on Sunday and counting 91 days each, distributed 31 days to the first month and 30 to the second and third.

Unquestionably the world calendar is in greater general favor today than the positivist calendar, although the latter has enthusiastic supporters. But frankly, there is rough water on the way through this problem of calendar reform.

Not long ago, in the House of Com-

mons, Rear Admiral T. Ph. Beasmish proposed that calendar reform be definitely put under way, in a reasonable, simple and well-organized way, as everyone desires. To this the spokesman of His Majesty's government answered that for such a step the *approval of all the Christian denominations* is necessary. The Gordian knot in the problem could not have been more clearly pointed out. It has to be untied, then. Cut it, as many wish? Never!

It will be hard, practically impossible, if we resort to the insertion of a day not included in a week in ordinary years, and two of them in leap years, because in this way there is interrupted the regular succession of the week, which would stir up a revolution of untold proportions in the religious field.

One may take for granted the acquiescence not only of the Catholic Church and of the other Christian churches, but even of the Jewish synagogue, if the week remains as it is.

We can reduce to three the conditions demanded for accepting the *world calendar* and for making it *perpetual*.

1. Above all, to keep unchanged the divine institution of the week and its regular succession without inserting an extra day on any account.

*Bogotá, Colombia, March, 1945. Translated from the Spanish.

2. See to it that the proposed civil year shall never go ahead of or fall behind the solar year by more than seven days, or a week.

3. That years begin on the same day, which shall be Sunday.

This is the way to do it: By means of years containing 52 weeks or 364 days, which will comprise the largest number and be called "ordinary years," and by inserting, on a mathematical plan, years of 53 weeks or 371 days, to be called "extraordinary years."

For ordinary years of 52 weeks we find ourselves with a residue or remnant of 1.242315 days over and above the solar year which, as is well known, counts 365.242315 days. Accumulating this residue, at the end of five years we get almost exactly a week: 6.211575 days. For that reason, every fifth year, that is, every *lustral year*, there will occur an extraordinary year of fifty-three weeks.

To obtain the extra week for the *lustral year* it would be necessary to add .788425 days. This fraction in the course of eight lustra, or a 40-year period, makes up nearly a week, or exactly 6.307400 days. Therefore, the lustral year, corresponding to the 40th, should not be extraordinary but ordinary.

But notice that in the quadragesimals [40th years], when they are reduced to ordinary years, there is a residue of 0.692600 days. After ten quadragesimals, or 400 years (a period we shall call a plain cycle), we shall again have almost a week extra: exactly 6.926000 days. Consequently, the years

which complete a plain cycle would come out extraordinary.

But it was necessary to add, to complete the week, a fraction of 0.070000 days. This fraction, after 90 plain cycles (a period we shall call a great cycle) gives us almost a full week: exactly 6.660000 days. Therefore, great cycles have to be ordinary.

With each great cycle we have a residue of 0.340000 days, and this residue after 20 great cycles (we shall call this period a major cycle) would constitute almost a week: exactly 6.800000 days. Thus greater cycles would be extraordinary.

Again, to obtain this extra week for the greater cycles, we have added a fraction of 0.200000 days, one that in 35 greater cycles (a period we shall call maximal cycle) gives us an exact and complete week. The maximal cycle will be an ordinary year.

And another era will begin at the end of 25,200,000 years, to be reckoned in identically the same way as the preceding.

The divine establishment of the week, then, is a sure measure for reckoning time: 1,314,872,334 weeks = 25,200,000 years without either the addition or subtraction of one single second.

To present a summary on the perpetual world calendar:

The year is ordinary and extraordinary.

The ordinary year has 52 weeks = 364 days.

The extraordinary year has 53 weeks = 371 days.

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The lustrum has five extraordinary years.

The quadragesimal has eight lustra or 40 ordinary years.

The plain cycle has 10 quadragesimals or 400 extraordinary years.

The great cycle has 90 plain cycles or 36,000 ordinary years.

The major cycle has 20 great cycles or 720,000 extraordinary years.

The maximal cycle has 35 major cycles or 25,200,000 ordinary years.

At the 25,200,000th year there begins a new era which is reckoned in the same manner.

Ordinary years are the ones ending in 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9; also, the quadragesimals which are not plain cycles, the great cycles which do not coincide with greater cycles, and finally the maximal cycle.

Total: 20,727,666 ordinary years.

All the rest are extraordinary years: the lustra, minus the quadragesimals; the plain cycles, minus those which coincide with great cycles; the major cycles, minus the one which falls on the maximal cycle.

Total: 4,472,334 extraordinary years.

Of the 25,200,000 years there are: ordinary, 20,727,666; extraordinary, 4,472,334; a total of 25,200,000.

There occurs not the least difficulty in whichever scheme is followed in the number of months into which the year is divided—whether twelve or thirteen.

If we choose to have each month, like each year, begin on Sunday, then every year, whether ordinary or extraordinary, will consist of 13 months,

with all the months beginning with a Sunday. The extraordinary year will differ in that one of its months, preferably the seventh, will have five weeks.

If we prefer to leave the year with its traditional 12 months (my own preference) the ordinary year may be divided into quarters, with 91 days to each quarter. The first month in a quarter will be given 31 days, and the other two, 30 each. In extraordinary years an extra week will be put at the beginning of one of the quarters, preferably at the start of the third quarter in the middle of the year. Quarters always begin on a Sunday.

The fixed date for Easter would be midway between the full moon and new moon following the March equinox; in the first case, the 15th of the fourth month, in the second, April 8.

This new way of reckoning time could begin with 1950, which begins on Sunday. There would be the additional advantage that Easter of that year, the first in the new reckoning, would coincide with the date assigned in the Gregorian calendar, the 99th day of the year. The first lustral year would be 1955, and consequently an extraordinary year, as would be all other lustrals up to 2000 exclusively. Count up the days embraced in these 51 years from 1950 to 2000, and it will be seen that both in the Gregorian and in the perpetual world calendar we get 18,627.

To make this perpetual world calendar easier to use, with a better base for reckoning, and more readily memorized, we can, and really should, con-

sider the remaining years up to 2000 inclusively as preliminary, and in 2001 begin the era of 25,200,000 years, with the result that the first quadragesimal will be 2040, the first simple cycle

2400; the first great cycle 38,000, etc.

I do not pretend that a better plan than this cannot be found. Indeed, I should welcome another, but it has to be better.



Crime Comics

Indictments of crime comic books find ample support in admissions of 95 out of 96 delinquents, averaging 14 years of age, who voluntarily filled out my questionnaire.

Seventeen boys gave names of comic books which furnished ideas for crime: *Superman*, named by six boys; *Crime Comics*, named by four; *Dick Tracy*, named by four; *Batman*, named by two; *Catman*, *Daredevil*, *Black Terror*, *The Flash*, *The Claw*, *Black Commando*, *Manhunter*, *Whiz Comics*, *Crime Does Not Pay*—each named once. Following are some of the instances:

Age 11. I tied a rope around an iron pipe and swung myself into a store and took some money. I got my idea from *Black Commando Funny Book*.

Age 12. Well, I read a comic book and I just kept reading them, I saw in the comic book where they were steeling and I tried it and I got into trouble.

Age 13. I broke into a filling station. I got my idea from *Superman*.

Age 14. *Batman Comics* that showed the joker. I got and idea to kill a boy tried to do it but just as I started to do it a cop drove up.

Age 16. Me and some other boys went in a store and got some stuff and stold some money and the comic that gave me an idea and that was *Batman* and *Robbin*.

Age 13. They got the idea of stealing cars from crime comics.

Age 16. He put a derail on the track and wreck a meal train and he got it out of crime comics. Age 12. Tried to wreck a train, stole cars. Hit a person in the head and took her money.

Age 13. They tried hitting people in the head and taking their valuables.

Age 15. In *Superman Action Comics* stealing cars. In *Dick Tracy* stealing jewelry.

Age 14. 1, Stealing cars; 2, braking in stores; 3, Robing people; 4, Nocking people out.

Age 15. A boy tried to hold up a bank down in my home town about a year ago when he got in the bank for a holdup and 3 cops came in the door. He shot 2 of the cops the other one got him. . . . so he is in the grave yard and now resting in peace and content. He got his idea from the *Whiz Comics* about *Golden Arrow*. R. Southard, S.J., in the *St. Anthony Messenger* (May '45).

Israel Comes to Christ

A new testament

By RAÏSSA MARITAIN

Condensed chapter of a book*

The author of the following is the wife of Jacques Maritain, philosopher and now France's ambassador to the Vatican. Since publication of her memoirs, *We Have Been Friends Together* (1941, Longmans, N. Y., \$2.50), and her recent sojourn in America with her husband, she is loved by countless Americans. Raïssa Oumanoff was born in Russia; when she was ten her father went to Paris, whence the family followed. She entered the Sorbonne at 17, and there met Jacques Maritain, whom she married after an engagement of two years. Bewildered in their search for metaphysical certitude, the young intellectuals were ready to commit suicide, but came under the influence of Henri Bergson, who taught a sound philosophy. Bergson thus began the work of their conversion, completed later by Léon Bloy. They were baptized Catholics in 1906.

Both Jacques and Mme. Maritain and their acquaintances at the Sorbonne have become today's leaders in philosophy, theology, and literature. Besides Bergson and Bloy, they counted among their associates Ernest Psichari, Charles Péguy, Père Garrigou-Lagrange, and many others.

Mme. Maritain's forthcoming book, *Adventures in Grace*, brings her memoirs up to date. It was translated by Julie Kernan, who also put *Les Grandes Amitiés* into English.

At first confounded and afflicted almost to despair by the conversion of my sister Vera and myself to Catholicism, our parents became resigned to it when they saw us so happy in our new life.

In Russia, when a Jew was baptized, it was always, as far as they knew, to obtain equality in civic rights with other citizens. And for those Jews they

had deep contempt. But if a Jew in France passed over to Christianity, it seemed to them that it could only be to separate himself from his people through anti-Semitism, through a horrible treachery toward his great unfortunate family, and this they could not condone, nor even explain.

It was only when they were able to realize the depth of our religious convictions—and the fact that through these my sister and I began to perceive the greatness and the significance of Israel's vocation—that our parents softened a little toward us, and came to consider the basic reasons for our stand. Nearly three years had to pass before the faintest signs of any further change appeared in them.

It was toward the beginning of 1910 that we noticed my father's passion for the organ, which often made him enter a church. For a Jew like him to go willingly into a church was in itself a sign that he had ceased to reject Christianity in principle. How could I have failed to understand it then? And his growing tenderness toward us? On Holy Saturday of that year mother went with Vera to Notre-Dame in Versailles. And on Easter Sunday it was Jacques who took my father to the same church. But apart from those rare occasions we kept a great reserve. Dis-

**Adventures in Grace. To be published this year by Longmans, Green & Co., 35 5th Ave., New York City, 3.*

creet allusions came rather from father, by which he doubtless wished us to understand that Christianity was not foreign to his thoughts. As he often did with me, he would put it in a humorous way: "Who is a little girl three or four years old, knowing French, Russian and German, who's been married for five years?" It was naturally myself, and this meant that he understood that the life of the spirit begins from Baptism.

There were a few rare conversations about Christianity with my mother, who always listened to me sweetly. After all, this kind of Christianity seemed acceptable to her—not for herself, of course! She who knew Judaism so well would never consent to be baptized!

God is patient; his creatures much less so. It happened that we had sometimes to repair the disastrous consequences of the awkward eagerness of our best friends in regard to our parents.

The Bloys were lunching with us; when the time came to say grace, which Bloy never omitted, he suddenly took mother's hand and tried to make her make the sign of the cross. Mother was deeply wounded, and for a long time we suffered the consequences. That was because for a Jew to make the sign of the cross was to perform a serious religious act which engaged one's soul and broke with the Torah.

In 1911 my parents moved near us, in Versailles. From time to time a few words spoken casually by my father showed me he was thinking of reli-

gious problems. I finally decided, trembling for fear of acting at the wrong moment, to give them a catechism in Russian. A little later he asked me questions which proved he was reading it; he asked me one day what was the meaning of the sin against the Holy Spirit.

Father fell gravely ill on Feb. 2, 1912; the physician considered his case hopeless. We lived through days of sorrow and anguish. It was the first time death was coming to one I loved, and how I loved him! It seemed I had always carried his soul in my soul, as though it were my task to defend one so defenseless because of his simplicity and goodness. Just what did he believe? For two weeks he kept a stubborn silence. Perhaps he hoped he would recover. By interfering would we not add to the pangs of death and to the sufferings of his illness? Must we have such terrible courage? But perhaps he was already thinking of death, and waiting perhaps for God to give him the strength to face it by giving him faith?

Jacques put this question to mother, to my poor mother, in her despairing grief. She protested, saying that her husband would never consent to be baptized. The following day, I in turn approached her with the same question; she answered me in the same way as she had Jacques. We both wept and sobbed, away from the sickroom, in the little kitchen of the apartment, and through my tears I tried to give her a quick outline of apologetics. I tried to make her understand the meaning of

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Baptism and to show her in Catholicism the fulfillment of the Jewish religion. But she felt such an interpretation was mine alone. "Nobody believes as you do," she said. We realized she was not really aware of her husband's thoughts on Christianity. We must therefore speak to our father. Jacques said a few words to him on the subject. My father answered that he could not talk of those things in French; he would speak of them with me when he was well.

But father was not to recover. On Feb. 21, going into his room early in the morning, Jacques saw on his face the signs of death. When the doctor arrived, toward 10 o'clock, father rallied a little and asked us to leave him alone with him. We left the room.

After several minutes Dr. Legrain opened the door. He appeared very much moved, and said to us, "Come in, you have a very good father!"

Father was sitting up in bed, his face grave and calm. He explained what had happened: "I asked the doctor to tell me the truth about my condition. He said to me, 'Only a miracle can cure you.'

"I asked him, 'Doctor, do you believe also?' He knelt beside me and said, 'Yes.'

"And since he has told me the truth about my illness, I wish to prepare myself; I wish to be baptized."

He turned toward his wife as if to ask her consent; he hoped, he said, that he was not causing her grief. Mother, in tears, replied she was opposed to nothing.

We all believed death imminent. Dr. Legrain knelt beside the patient who became his godson and mine; Jacques took a bottle of water and baptized him "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." He was called Jude-Barnabas. The peace of God descended upon him and us and filled us with joy.

Jacques ran to get Vera. She was not well, and not knowing things would happen so quickly that morning, we had let her rest. As soon as father saw her, he said, "My little girl, are you happy?" He was beaming; there was a gentle light in his eyes, so dull a moment ago. "I am happy," he said to mother. "It is as though a great weight had been lifted from my heart—an Eiffel tower." It was Ash Wednesday, 1912.

Thus the intervention which had caused us so much anxiety was justified. There only remained to try every means for his bodily cure. My father's physical transformation was so great we thought he was going to recover.

Spiritually, we did not ask for anything more. The gift of innocence was in him, by the grace of God, and we thought Baptism would produce in him for the moment no more outer effects than it does in a child.

But suddenly we heard him say he wished to receive all that the Church gave to the sick, and that he wanted to see a priest "who would not let him sleep" and would talk with him for two or three hours! He said this playfully. He also wished to have Bishop Gibier of Versailles come to see him.

After that he declared, "Now you must put my medals around my neck!" (He had in his purse a miraculous medal and a medal of St. Benedict; we added a little cross and a medal of La Salette.)

He then said, "How do I pray? I don't know how to read" (in French, he meant). I gave him a leaflet on which I had written in French, but with Russian characters, the Our Father and the Act of Love. I knelt beside him; he asked for his glasses and spelled out painfully, with deep gravity, the holy words, while I helped him a little by translating certain passages. I asked him if he forgave his enemies. "Oh, yes," he replied, smiling.

He guarded the little paper containing his first prayers lovingly, and placed it over his heart. He sought it at night, extended his hand toward it as he was dying, and dead he kept it pressed on his breast.

Finally, that same Ash Wednesday morning, he asked me to teach him how to make the sign of the cross. Thus he took his first steps in the Christian life. And we will never forget the grave recollection with which he slowly blessed himself, carefully pronouncing the words.

In obedience to father's wish, Jacques went to find one of the priests at the cathedral, our friend Father Courtellemont, whom he told of the situation. Father had a long conversation with the priest, and then received the sacrament of Penance. On leaving the room, the young priest, much moved, told us he found the ill man remarkably well instructed and "in such good disposi-

tions that one could not refuse him anything"; the following day he received the Eucharist and Extreme Unction. And not knowing how to unite himself to the prayers of the Church, and wishing wholeheartedly to manifest his faith, he covered himself with great signs of the cross all during the ceremony, his hand sweeping from his forehead to his knees and from one shoulder to the other.

Mother was present, in tears. Then father said to her, "I will pray for you, so that you may be with me." And a little later, "The children won't say anything to you." Indeed there was no need to "say" anything; father's prayers were doubtless enough; and mother's religious evolution took place slowly and gently.

This day again seemed to bode good for the patient. He remained peaceful. The following day, Friday the 23rd, the Bishop of Versailles came to administer the sacrament of Confirmation. Profoundly touched by the faith and confidence of the dying man, Monseigneur Gibier wept with us, and said to him, "You are now a soldier of God."

Thus provided (in three days he had received everything, and was radiant with the light of the sacraments) my dear father serenely entered his last hours, occasionally visited by a mild delirium during which he expressed desires of recovery. Several times he said he was happy and that we should be happy, too.

We were all beside him, with mother; but I went from one room to an-

other, unable to bear seeing him die.

Jacques never left him; he was right beside him, by the bed. In the very last minutes, at dawn on Saturday, Feb. 24, a little before four o'clock, he heard him say: "My God, save my life!" Jacques suggested to him gently: "My, God, I give you my life." Thus he gave his last breath.

My father's conversion left mother troubled and irritated with us. But after a while, all her tenderness for us returned. Living with us from then on, she was closely bound up with our life. Of a social nature, she was happy to see our friends, priests and laity, and she loved them as we did. For many years she heard priests and religious—Abbé Millot, Father Lamy, Abbé Charles Journet, Father Garrigou-Lagrange, Abbé Altermann, Father Vincent Lebbe, Msgr. Vladimir Ghika, Charles Henrion, Father Bernadot—speaking in our home of the marvels wrought by God and Mary; Henri Ghéon reading to us nearly everything he had written since his conversion; Jacques explaining the philosophy and theology of St. Thomas Aquinas during the meetings of our Thomist circle. When the privilege of a private chapel was given us, she attended Mass. She did not make the sign of the cross and did not kneel; she remained respectfully standing, and prayed in her heart in her own way, without separating herself from us. For 13 whole years she lived with us in this way, and not once during that time did we speak directly to her of religious matters.

The first person to put a direct ques-

tion to her on Baptism was a holy priest, Father Lamy, pastor of La Courneuve. Ever since we began living in Meudon, he came to say Mass in our chapel on great feast days. So it was that we had the happiness of having him with us on Dec. 24 and 25, 1924. He confided to us that two weeks earlier, finding himself alone with mother, he had asked when she would become a Catholic, and she had amiably replied, "A little later." My mother did not mention this short conversation to us, and we did not ask her any questions.

Two months later, Prince Vladimir Ghika, who had been ordained only 18 months earlier, came from Rome to offer Mass in our home on the anniversary of my father's death. He asked our permission to ask mother the same question that Abbé Lamy had asked her on Dec. 10. This time she was touched and spoke to me about it. Without making any promises, she had replied to Prince Ghika that she would do the will of God. After that day, mother often asked me about certain points of doctrine. She had books in Russian, the catechism my father had used, and the New Testament. She was more tender towards me than ever. I continued not to intervene, unless she wished it. She was in peace, and we also. It appeared that nothing was to happen quickly.

The first binding thing she said was three months later, on May 26. "I will read all this (she was referring to prayers) because I must prepare myself, mustn't I?" On Sunday, June 7, the

feast of the Blessed Trinity, mother told me of a dream she had the preceding night. "The Pope was standing before me, dressed in white. He gave to Jacques, for me, something white which seemed to be *one* bird, but was *three*. And Jacques was to give them to me, and I was very near Jacques." Mother was much affected to learn that this very day was the feast of the Blessed Trinity. Her dream had deeply impressed her, although she had not attached any special meaning to it.

Finally, on July 29, towards evening, I found mother downstairs in the dining room, reading the Epistle of St. James, happy and peaceful.

"It is very beautiful," she said.

"Yes, mother, and now you know many things."

"Do you think so?" she said, and then, "So you think I'm ready?"

All of us were around her, a little delirious with joy. She told us that for the last few days she had been troubled, but that very day all anxiety had left her and she had resolved to be baptized. She asked that it be by our friend Father Millot, vicar general of Versailles. He was a priest whose simplicity was angelic and who loved the

blessed Virgin in the manner of St. Bernard. Mother's choice touched us deeply. And the sympathy between them was reciprocal. Father Millot did not wish her to wait for Baptism for more than two or three days; Jacques would be her godfather and I her godmother, and to her name, Elizabeth, she added the name of Mary. Thus she was baptized on Sunday, Aug. 2, in our chapel on the second floor, while on the floor below were gathered our friends, who had not been warned and who knew nothing of what went on, and who were merely surprised by the profusion of roses in our living room. With our hearts brimming with happiness we came down around six o'clock, keeping mother's secret, so that she would have some time of peace and silence.

She was happy, her health excellent. God had given a marvelous answer to our prayers; He had heard those of our father who had said to his wife several hours before dying, "I will pray for you, so that you will be with me." She was now with him in the Church of God; for seven blessed years she was to live in the faith and innocence of her Baptism, praying for her children.



Golden Glitter

Allied military engineers inadvertently used \$1 million worth of gold ore to surface a road through the jungles of New Guinea. The highway now glitters in the bright sun. To most people, here is another illustration of the fact that whenever gold is put to a practical use it is usually by mistake.

Reply to Churchill

By EAMON DE VALERA

Condensed from the text of his address*

In the course of a world broadcast on Sunday, May 13, former Prime Minister Winston Churchill, in England, reviewing his five years in office, severely criticized Prime Minister Eamon de Valera of Eire. Recalling the threatening days of early 1941, when German U-boats and planes threatened all British shipping, Churchill declared that "a sense of envelopment which might at any moment turn to strangulation lay heavy upon us.

"We had only the northwestern approach between Ulster and Scotland through which to bring in the means of life and to send out the forces of war. Owing to the action of Mr. de Valera, so much at variance with the temper and instinct of thousands of southern Irishmen who hastened to the battlefield to prove their ancient valor, the approaches which the southern Irish ports and airfields could so easily have guarded were closed by hostile aircraft and U-boats. This was indeed a deadly moment in our life and if it had not been for the loyalty and friendship of Northern Ireland, we should have had to come—if we had been forced to come—to close quarters with Mr. de Valera or perish forever from the earth.

"However, with a restraint and poise to which I say history will find few parallels, His Majesty's government never laid a violent hand upon them, which at times would have been quite easy, and quite natural, and left the de Valera government to frolic with German and later with Japanese representatives."

Certain newspapers have been very persistent in looking for my answer to Mr. Churchill's recent broadcast. I know the kind of answer expected. I know the answer that first springs to the lips of every man of Irish blood.

I know the reply I would have given a quarter of a century ago, but that is not the reply I now make. I will not

be guilty of adding fuel to the flames of hatred and passion, which, if continued to be fed, promise to burn up whatever is left by the war, of decent human feeling in Europe. Allowances can be made for Mr. Churchill's statement, however unworthy, in the first flush of his victory. No such excuse could be found for me in this quieter atmosphere.

There are, however, essential things it is my duty to say, as dispassionately as I can. Mr. Churchill makes it clear that in certain circumstances he would have violated our neutrality and justify his action by Britain's necessity.

It seems strange that Britain's necessity would become the moral code and that when this necessity was sufficiently great other people's rights were not to count. Other great powers believe in this same code and have behaved in accordance with it.

That is precisely why we have the disastrous succession of wars: World War No. 1 and World War No. 2, and shall it be World War No. 3? Surely Mr. Churchill must see that if his contention be admitted in our regard, a like justification can be framed for similar acts of aggression elsewhere and no small nation adjoining a great power could ever hope to go its way in peace.

It is indeed fortunate that Britain's

*Over Radio Eireann in Dublin, Ireland. May 16, 1945.

necessity did not reach the point when Mr. Churchill would have acted. All credit to him that he successfully resisted the temptation which, I have no doubt, many times assailed him in his difficulties and to which I freely admit many leaders might have easily succumbed. It is indeed hard for the strong to be just to the weak, but acting justly always has its rewards.

By resisting his temptation, Mr. Churchill, instead of adding another sordid chapter to the already blood-stained record of the relations between England and this country, has advanced the cause of international morality an important step; one of the most important indeed that can be taken on the road to the establishment of any sure basis for peace.

For the peoples of these two islands this may mark a fresh beginning towards the realization of that mutual comprehension to which Mr. Churchill has referred, for which he has prayed, and for which I hope he will not merely pray but work, as did his predecessor, who will yet find an honored place in British history.

That Mr. Churchill should be irritated when our neutrality stood in the way of what he thought he vitally needed, I understand; but that he or any thinking person in Britain or elsewhere should fail to see the reason for our neutrality, I find it hard to conceive.

I would like to put a hypothetical question: it is a question I have put to many Englishmen since the last war. Suppose Germany had won the war,

had invaded and occupied England and that, after a long lapse of time and many bitter struggles, she was finally brought to admit England's right to freedom and let England go, all but the six southern counties. Then suppose Germany insisted on holding those six southern counties, commanding the entrance to the narrow seas, with a view to weakening England as a whole and making her own communications secure through the Straits of Dover.

Let us suppose that after all this, Germany engaged in a great war in which she could show she was on the side of the freedom of a number of small nations. Would Mr. Churchill as an Englishman who believed his own nation had as good a right to freedom as any, not freedom for a part but freedom for the whole, lead his partitioned and partly German-occupied England to join with Germany in a Crusade?

I don't think Mr. Churchill would. Would he think the people of partitioned England an object of shame if they stood neutral? I do not think so.

Mr. Churchill is proud of Britain's stand alone after France had fallen, and before America entered the war. Could he not find in his heart the generosity to acknowledge that there is a small nation that stood alone, not for one year or two but for several hundred years, against aggression, that endured spoliations, famines, massacres in endless succession, that was slugged many times into insensibility, but that each time on returning to consciousness took up the fight anew; a small

nation that never accepted defeat and never surrendered her soul?

Mr. Churchill is justly proud of his nation's perseverance against heavy odds, but we on this island are still prouder of our people's perseverance for freedom through the centuries. We of our time have played our part in that perseverance, and we pledged ourselves to the dead generations who preserved intact for us this glorious heritage. We, too, will strive to be faithful to the end and pass on this tradition unblemished.

Many a time in the past there appeared little hope, except that hope to which Mr. Churchill referred, that by standing fast the time would come when, to quote his words, "the tyrant would make some ghastly mistake which would alter the whole balance of the struggle."

I sincerely trust, however, that our ultimate unity and freedom will not be achieved that way, though as a younger man I confess I prayed even for that. But in later years I have had a vision of a much nobler and better ending,

better for both our peoples and for the future of mankind. For that I have now been long working.

I regret that it is not to this nobler purpose that Mr. Churchill is lending his hand rather than, by the abuse of a people who have done him no wrong, trying to find in the present crisis an excuse for continuing the unjust mutilation of our country. I sincerely hope Mr. Churchill has not deliberately chosen the latter course, but if he has, however regrettably we may say it, we can only say "be it so."

Meanwhile, even as a partitioned small nation, we shall go on and strive to play our part in the world, continuing unwaveringly to work for the cause of true freedom, peace and understanding between all nations.

As a community mercifully spared both the major sufferings and blinding hates engendered by the present war, we shall endeavor to render thanks to God by playing a Christian part in helping, so far as a small nation can, to bind up some of the gaping wounds of suffering humanity.



Away back when cosmetics were used only by "hussies," my mother's Aunt Christina was in the full bloom of girlhood. Nicknamed Peach for her exquisite complexion, she was, nevertheless, so prim it was predicted she would never marry.

One bright day Aunt Christina found it necessary to walk down Main St. unescorted. The usual group of loiterers was gathered outside the confectionery store as she passed. Aunt Christina took Oh's and Ah's of disbelief and admiration in stride. But she could not let go unheeded the exclamation by the boldest of the men, "By heaven, she's painted!"

Flouncing by with upturned nose and downcast eyes, Aunt Christina was heard to say clearly, "By heaven only!"

Jeanne Marie Works.

The Wounded

By ELIZABETH McFADDEN

Condensed from *The Sign**

Slowly, deliberately, the doctor unwound the bandages. The soldier watched intently. S/Sgt. Eddie Dunn, veteran of the break-through at St. Lo, had undergone an orthopedic operation at Tilton General hospital at Fort Dix, N. J., to restore motion to his left arm. When admitted, his arm was hanging helplessly at his side, shrapnel having injured the shoulder. Lieut.-Col. Alexander Miller of Cleveland, Ohio, chief of orthopedics, had transplanted tendons in a series of operations aimed at giving Eddie the hope of eventually teaching his new son baseball.

The bandages removed, the doctor suggested quietly, "Try it."

Eddie hesitated. Then he curved his fingers, as if around a ball. His eyes rose to the doctor's. gingerly the wounded man bent his arm at the elbow and laboriously raised it to shoulder height. His jaw slackened, he looked more awed than happy. Then he tried the movement again. "Gosh, doc," he said, "it works!"

Making it work is the job of experts in the uniform of the Army Medical corps.

"Gee, that's all right, all right," murmured the boy in the next bed, his eyes brightening at the prospect of removal of bandages from his "bum knee."

From a sleepy mid-Jersey farm, war

has changed Tilton in a little over four years to the second largest Army general hospital. With a newly authorized bed capacity of more than 4,000, Col.

S. Jay Turnbull, MC, commanding officer, can hold out hope to casualties from all theaters of war. On the theory that one soldier on his feet is worth ten on their backs, the Army spares neither talent, time, nor expense in rehabilitating men. The debt to the man who has fallen in the fight is paid in terms of care that brings restored motion, exuberant horseplay in corridors, quick laughter.

"Our business is making men better," says Colonel Turnbull. "We've set up a fine record here and have reason to believe it will even be improved."

Accomplishments include: establishment of the first organized course in anesthesia in Army history; maintenance of one of the top "G. I." (gastro-intestinal) clinics and one of the largest orthopedic departments; surgical work that ranks among the largest in general hospitals; and establishment of the first separation center in any general hospital.

But showmanship is lacking; and emphasis is on the promise of hope. Throughout the organization runs a matter-of-fact acceptance of responsibility.

"Gosh! It works!"

In the winter of 1941, with its intense cold, foundations were poured under huge circus tents. Under arc lights three construction teams worked around the clock. Today more than 115 ward buildings sprawl over 350 acres formerly devoted to the rural pursuits of the old Beverly farm. Single-story frame wards branch off long ramps. With an eye to safety in air raids, or fire, the buildings were set 50 feet apart. Long, covered corridors, removed from the wards, resound to movements of ambulatory patients. Those who have discarded khaki are clad in maroon bathrobes over gray pajamas. A 19-year-old lad wounded on D-day tries out his wheelchair. Some are on crutches. Some with "walking" casts are taking a stroll over to the Red Cross recreation building to "kid around" an hour or two while one of the new girls tries her hand at fudge making. This fellow, using a rubber-tipped cane, is dropping over to see a buddy who caught some shell fragments at Aachen.

Or they may be on more serious errands. One had to keep an appointment with the dentist, for during recuperation such minor difficulties are straightened out. Another is on his way to the brace shop for adjustment of his custom-made walking gear. The halls swarm with men en route to the PX, where they stock up on favorite toilet articles and buy cigarettes.

A fellow headed for the library sees a particular shade of red down the line that he hasn't seen since the 8th Division made it hot for the nazis in

Brest. "Charlie!" he shouts. "Hey, Charlie!"

The redhead turns a freckled grin. "Boy," he says as they meet, "Boy, you sure look good," and they put their hands on each other's shoulders with just a second or two of mute gratification. Then the first one asks, "What did you get?"

"Shrapnel from a land mine in the leg. It's coming along pretty good." And he grins.

"Well, Charlie, old boy, I'm glad to see you're back (pounding him on the back with an open hand) from the front!" (pounding him on the chest). They laugh at the resumption of horseplay after many months, check on each other's ward numbers, and separate with the hospital's standard "Keep on the ball, boy."

Passing them, you are unaware at first glance of the heroism and sense of duty or instinctive response to training that sent them forward to receive their wounds. Only in talking to them individually do you realize the enormous, simple dignity of the wounded. They accept their wounds almost entirely without question, do what they are told, and while lying in bed tentatively plan their futures. Since most can expect good recovery, the days ahead do not shadow the present, contrary to the opinion of so many civilians.

The majority seem to want to get home and find things as they left them. A surprising number don't wish to be let out of the Army until the war is over, then they wish to get out quickly. They want people to act toward them

as they did before the war. They don't want relatives and friends to be oversolicitous. If they need help, they want it without fuss. They would like to be treated with the normal consideration due anyone who has been ill, and, perhaps more than ever in civilian life, they desire privacy.

Chief gripe is the inclination to glorify them. "Everybody who sees a Purple Heart thinks you were wounded doing some heroic deed, like saving a whole battalion or something," one explains. "There's just too much plain exaggeration." They are most emphatic about it.

They plead for understanding of the "common soldier's common job of sticking with it day in and day out and doing nothing much to write home about but doing what you need to do to hold a line and move forward."

In the hospital, soldiers show a quiet respect for surgical and medical officers. The institution's real work is done in the seclusion of operation pavilions, where 40 to 50 operations a day are performed, or in the efficient, well-lighted clinics, where specialized treatments are administered. The technique used and success attained are astonishing.

Follow a patient wheeled on a table through the white, swinging doors of operating room 4. He is Lieut. Robert F. Kinney of New Brunswick, N. J., a civil engineer in private life who, as a member of the Army engineers, prepared the break-through of Patton's 3rd Army at Avranches. Engineers went ahead clearing mines, breaking down road blocks, setting up bridges.

The battalion commander caught it first. Then another officer got his when nazi snipers "picked him off" as he began to blast a road block. Bob, with four others in a jeep, hit a land mine at Guin camp near Brest on Aug. 21. They were taken to a French hospital. One died. Bob's left arm, badly splintered, was treated and put in a cast. Eventually he was flown to England and sent by ship to America. Since the arm refused to knit, a bone-graft operation is scheduled. It is the only way to restore its power.

Three doctors, two of them expert orthopedic surgeons, enter, garbed in sterilized gowns and rubber gloves. Chief surgeon is Lieut.-Col. Alexander Miller, whose home is in Cleveland, Ohio.

The patient has been anesthetized. Colonel Miller says, "Raise the table," and the three-hour operation is under way. From 9:30 A.M. until 12:45, the surgeons, aided by a surgical technician, two nurses, and two Wacs, make the bone graft, taking a four-inch strip from the officer's shinbone and fastening it with four screws to the two pieces of forearm bone which had not joined. One doctor sutures the leg as the arm work is completed. The patient is wheeled into a special recovery ward, well ventilated and assured of quiet by a large sign hanging on the door: "Positively No Visitors. This Includes Nurses, Wacs, and Corpsmen."

A saline solution is introduced into a vein, and he gradually recovers consciousness. A trained nurse and a motherly nurse's aide provide hot-

water bottles and extra blankets. The doctor looks in later in the afternoon. The patient is given penicillin constantly for a week. A brace will be fitted to his leg in three weeks and he will be given 21 days at home. On return, additional X rays will be taken of his arm and the final cast removed when his condition permits. He will then be ready for exercises to strengthen the muscles weakened by nonuse and will eventually go through the reconditioning program.

Since 70% of casualties at Tilton, men from every front, hurt chiefly by land mines and shell fragments, are orthopedic cases (arm, leg, or back injuries), Lieutenant Kinney's case reveals to some extent their treatment. The hospital has a record of having restored function in all but three out of several thousand cases.

Restorative work includes operations to rectify stiff joints by removing floating cartilage, bone and skin grafting, treatment of bone infection, and specialized treatment of injured hands and feet.

"We take boys whose arms and legs are paralyzed as a result of having nerves shot away, say by a spinal injury, and we restore their function by transplanting tendons," says Colonel Miller.

Hospital doctors praise the work of medics overseas for providing a good basis to work from. "The boys get picked up in a hurry and get sulfa and penicillin. As a result, we receive the patients in the best possible condition," they say.

Contrary to practice in civilian hospitals, the wounded are told the nature of their trouble and informed what is being done and why. "We take the time to explain to the men exactly what we're trying to do," says Lieut.-Col. Robert R. Layton of Philadelphia, chief of surgical service. "We find if you explain the situation to the patient, tell him why you're operating or reoperating or doing a stage in a series of operations, the end result will be much better, because the patient will understand and cooperate."

Fitting treatment to injury, each patient to be operated upon is examined the previous day by the head of the anesthetic department, Maj. Stevens J. Martin, who decides which type of anesthesia is best suited to the individual condition. In July, 1941, Major Martin established the school here that made Army history; it is now one of the largest schools of anesthesia anywhere. From it Army anesthetists fan out over the globe to do their pain-relieving work.

The hospital's gastro-intestinal department, of which Capt. J. Edward Berk of Philadelphia is chief, has turned up what seems to be the reverse of general opinion about stomach ulcers. Army experience here tends to show, Captain Berk says, that the seemingly placid, unobtrusive, slow-moving man is more apt to get ulcers than the type frequently associated with the trouble, the aggressive, driving, conscientious perfectionist. "No single type can truly be said to be peculiarly subject to the trouble," he declares. Men actually in

combat and fighting for their lives are less apt to suffer from a peptic ulcer, the captain says, adding, however, that when such men get to rest areas after action, their condition becomes bad. The Germans, he says, had a whole "ulcer battalion" out defending Cherbourg, served by special diet kitchens. They were credited with fighting well. But their complaint became aggravated after surrender.

The wide scope of sufferers from ulcers was discovered through use of diagnostic facilities, described as "second to none, in many cases superior to civilian hospitals."

Specialists in artificial eyes, the hospital's technicians in this field make plastic eyes according to processes recently developed by the Army. New eyes are light, a true match to the pa-

tient's own, and, most important of all, are practically indestructible. Doctors in this clinic are chiefly dentists, as the technique is similar to that employed in making dental plates. A wax impression is made of the patient's eyeball, and from this impression a plastic eye, of assured good fit, is made by molding and casting. Tiny "veins" are applied in the form of red rayon threads brushed on with ether. Extreme care is taken in matching the patient's eye color, and the stock glass eyes of the last war are a thing of the past.

The men, of course, are appreciative, but feel that there is no truly adequate recompense for wounds. "We all know we've been in a war," they say, "and we're glad to see the medics giving us such good care."

A Village Lives Christ

Condensed from a *CIP* release*

ABC of Social Security

In Portugal, in the district of Castelo Branco, municipality of Idanha a Nova, nestles a picturesque mountain village of 2,000 inhabitants. It is almost inaccessible by modern transportation, such as automobile, train or plane. The town grew up around a little church dedicated to Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, patroness of Portugal, several hundred years ago.

This little town is a practical application of the Church's social doctrine, although its inhabitants have never studied, nor even read, the Catholic social encyclicals. They have, however, lived the Catholic doctrine taught by their parish priest, building on the solid foundation given the first inhabitants in early times by various friars and hermits.

*From Lisbon, Portugal, May 4, 1945, via CIP, 5 Beekman St., New York City, 7.

There are no beggars in Penha Garcia and no one ever asks for alms. If for any reason, such as the death of the head of a family, or an illness, someone happens to be in financial straits, this does not go unnoticed by the neighbors, who immediately, with the help of the whole village, supply what is needed. It is not necessary to ask publicly for charity.

In Penha Garcia, everyone owns the house he lives in, as well as a piece of ground. The plots vary in size. There are neither large landowners nor poverty-stricken people. How do the poor and the less well-to-do manage to own their houses? Thus: when a couple is to be married the whole village knows of it. On a day agreed upon, everyone having a wagon or cart joins a group to quarry stone for the house and bring it to the site. No one receives pay, except food for those who work, and even this only if the bridegroom is able to supply it; otherwise, everyone brings his lunch.

On the eve of the wedding, everyone in the village sends a gift for the new house. Natives of Penha Garcia who are scattered around the country are informed of the event and immediately send their gift.

The houses and streets of this happy village are spick and span. Everyone is

married with a religious ceremony. There is only one irregular union at this time, and it is the scandal of the village.

Some time ago a priest gave a mission. Almost 1,700 persons received Communion, that is, all the town's inhabitants except children under seven, a few very old persons, and those who were sick.

The very old parish church is now too small for the population at the two Sunday Masses. Consequently, a crowd gathers on the large portico, so that the walls of the building can hardly be seen, and hears Mass with exemplary devotion. In most places women predominate in religious observance, but not in Penha Garcia. There, men outnumber women in the processions, and at Mass the numbers of men and women are equal, and they rival each other in devotion.

If the head of a family dies and leaves the family without anyone to cultivate the ground, neighbors take this work on themselves and plow and sow that family's land before doing their own.

The doors of houses are never locked unless no one is home. In this event, the key is left in the lock or hung or placed in some recess beside the door, where everyone can see it.



If a rabbit's foot could protect anybody, why didn't it protect the rabbit?

The Miraculous Medal Magazine (Dec. '44).

The Russia That Was

By CATHERINE DE HUECK DOHERTY

Pilgrimage

Condensed from the *Catholic Worker**

They all laughed hard. Not uncharitably, but lustily and joyously. I really did not mind, though I was a little confused, because the cause of their nice laughter was me. Yet as far as I knew I had not done anything funny, nor did I look unusual to myself. Unusual for the occasion, that is.

For it was a pilgrimage, wasn't it? All were to assemble at a given address to go to the holy shrines of the martyred Jesuits in Auriesville, N. Y.

Well, here I was, hobnailed boots, knapsack and a precious gourd of water. What was so funny about that? Yet they were laughing, a friendly, joyous, yet loud laughter. Finally one good soul exclaimed, "Katie, you don't mean you thought we were walking to Auriesville, which is more than 100 miles from here! We are going by bus, you nut!"

Well, well. Now it was my turn to look astonished, and finally laugh. By bus, a pilgrimage by bus! Never heard of such, and in my lifetime I had made many pilgrimages. What was the point? A pilgrimage was a prayer, an act of penance, thanksgiving, and praise. How all this could be accomplished in that short bus ride was more than I could figure out. But then, I was in America, not in Russia.

As we rolled through the beautiful countryside I was silently making a

long journey back into my yesterdays. I did not join in the gay laughter, nor the rollicking singing. I was too far away.

I was back in the soft pastel-shaded summer of northern Russia, where we had a country home and large farm. Soon the feast of St. Peter and Paul. The vigil, a time for fasting and penance. And mother would begin thinking and talking, then preparing, for another pilgrimage to holy places. She loved pilgrimages, especially to one of the many shrines of our blessed Lady with which the Russia of those times abounded.

First, of course, one prays, and reads up on the shrine she goes to. And begins her simple preparation. From a bolt of clean, unbleached linen, made at home out of our own flax, she cuts the pilgrim's dress. A simple affair for women, just a sort of kimono pattern. A hole for the head, and sleeves cut on the kimono style. Then sew it all with clean linen thread and a prayer. Now a linen cord, hand-woven. A linen sack sewed neatly together to hold a loaf of freshly baked rye bread, a good pinch of rough salt wrapped in a clean linen rag. Clean, and air that water gourd, and all is ready.

Mass and Communion in the morning at the little country church. A light breakfast. No one eats much on peni-

*115 Mott St., New York City, 13. April, 1945.

tential pilgrimages. Now the dressing up in the neat, clean garments prepared so well beforehand. The linen robe. The linen cord. Barefoot. A simple, modest and easy-to-put-on attire. Easy to walk in, too. The family walks with us to the village green, where the rest of the folk are assembling. All look alike. All barefoot. They may be and are princesses and dukes, peasants and paupers, but no one can tell one from another. Men wear linen trousers, a clean linen shirt.

All kneel and ask God's blessing on the pilgrimage, and invoke the Angel Raphael, St. Joseph and the Blessed Mother to be at their side through the traveling. Now the leader sprinkles all with holy water, and we are off. Relatives, friends and onlookers speed us, shouting their last demands for prayers and intentions. We have formed ourselves in a long, straight line, walking one after the other. The village is left behind, and now we start chanting the litanies. We will keep that up at regular intervals all through the journey. In between there is the great silence, in which each talks to God.

The road is soft and dusty under our bare feet. The flowers smell sweetly. The clouds are white and gay in the blue sky. The forests we pass are cool and gentle to our sunburned faces. At times it seemed to me that all the world was re-echoing the song of our litanies.

Hail! O Mary, Mother of God! Virgin and Mother. Morning Star. Perfect Vessel.

Hail! O Mary, Mother of God! Holy

Temple in which God Himself was conceived.

Hail! O Mary, Mother of God! Chaste and pure dove.

Hail! O Mary, Mother of God! Ever-effluent light; from thee proceeded the Sun of Justice.

Hail! O Mary, Mother of God! Thou didst enclose in thy sacred womb the One who cannot be encompassed.

Hail! O Mary, Mother of God! With the shepherds we sing the praise of God, and with the angels the song of thanksgiving.

Glory to God in the Highest, and peace to men of good will.

Hail! O Mary, Mother of God! Through thee come to us the Conqueror and the triumphant Vanquisher of hell.

Hail! O Mary, Mother of God! Through thee blossoms the splendor of the resurrection.

Hail! O Mary, Mother of God! Thou hast saved every faithful Christian.

Hail! O Mary, Mother of God! Who can praise thee worthily, O glorious Virgin?

We salute thee, Mother of God.

Slowly we moved, chanting. Slowly the day moved. Now we were near a village; thus it was planned, and we were meeting people coming back from the fields. All greeted us gladly. Asked for prayers. Moving on, we answered. But now we were in the village. We broke ranks, and after a last injunction to be ready early, we made our ways to the little log houses, *isbas*. Now each person or family was knocking at

someone's door, each repeating the age-old formula: "In the name of the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost, we are pilgrims to holy places, begging for food and a night's lodging. In the name of God."

The door would open, and hospitably we would be asked in. "In the name of the Holy Trinity, come in, pilgrims, honor our poor house, and share with us what God in His great mercy has seen fit to send us today." In we went, bowing low three times before the holy images and crucifix that used to adorn each Russian house. A bow for each person of the Holy Trinity. Then a fourth bow to the hosts. Now we were ready to wash up and eat.

Whatever there was on the table was shared equally with us. Once all the poor family had was bread, salt, and tea. And the loaf was justly and accurately divided between the seven members of the family and my mother and me. We dipped the bread in the salt and drank the tea, realizing we were immensely privileged, for we were seeing charity at its best: the poor feeding pilgrims, travelers, because Christ was once one.

At night we slept in sweet-smelling

haylofts. Days passed like the beads of a rosary slowly and reverently said. Praying, begging, walking, resting, and praying again. For our sins, for the world, for those we love. And then one day we would come to the shrine. Oh, the joy of it. We knew that thus it would be when we would at last die in the Lord after the long journey of life.

Days, maybe a week at the shrine. Living in the big monastery hostels built for the like of us. Having monks wait on us. Silent and kindly. Visiting the shrine. The churches around it. Taking back a supply of holy oil, water, pictures, medals for those we promised to bring them to. Matins, Lauds, Prime, the Little Hours, Vespers, Compline, in big, holy, beautiful churches. Several Masses a day. The glory of it, the joy of it! Like heaven indeed, or its hallway at least. And then the way back, just as we came. Same hosts, now old friends. Sharing of gifts. Telling about God and the things of God, and finally home. Brown as nuts. Sunburned. Healthy. Leaner in body. Filled to the brim in soul. Yes, my yesterdays have great gifts of memories for me.



Demoniac

A good part of current literature is positively possessed. In it could be verified some of the signs used by priests to detect possession: the horror of holy things, pseudo prophecy, the use of unknown tongues, even levitation; it may be seen circulating upside down, along the vaults of thought.

Jacques Maritain quoted in *The Epistle* (Spring, '45).

France's Freedom Road

By FRANK BUD as told to Liberty Legacy Brown

Flight to Franco and freedom

Condensed from *Pageant**

Ruth my wife, and I owe our freedom today to the heroic help extended by French Catholic clergymen. In telling our personal story we tell the story of hundreds of others.

We left Berlin, where we both had practiced law, in 1933, because we realized Hitler's Germany was no place for us. We moved to Paris. When France went to war, I joined the French Army. When France was defeated and the pro-German Vichy government was placed in power, my wife and I fled from Paris to southern France. There we settled in the little town of Morlass, to a simple life of farming. One morning I was accosted by the head of the village gendarmerie. Sadly he shook his head, "I have bad news for you. All Jews are to be deported to Germany."

The news that we were once more preparing for flight traveled fast. A neighbor, Simone Salan, devout Catholic, came to us. She said she had a plan to help. She took from around her neck a small medal on a chain. "My uncle gave this to me," she said. "If you take it to him, he will know what it means. He is in a monastery near Toulouse."

We were appalled. Toulouse was the most dangerous city in unoccupied France. It was well known that there the Vichy police, under direct command of the Gestapo, terrorized with

constant spying. Restaurants, cinemas, even trolley cars, were raided two and three times daily, in roundups of anti-nazis and Jews, and to get French youths for German labor camps. Toulouse raised pictures of concentration camps, slavery, death. But we started out.

We arrived at the huge old monastery. Apprehensive, I hesitated for several minutes in front of the gate before I pulled the bell rope. I produced the medal. Immediately we were admitted. And for three days we rested there. Then the Abbot sent for us. Briefly, he instructed us how to reach our destination. Then he tore the flap from an envelope, and wrote on it, "Dear Brother, I greet you." He signed this "Severion Joseph," and handed it to me.

We left at daybreak. We trudged over a narrow footpath, climbing higher and higher. Frequently we met peasants going to Mass, and their presence, I felt, lessened our danger. As evening approached, we could see ahead of us, etched in the fiery red of the sunset, the sprawling, starkly white monastery of Ste. Marie aux Desert, famous Trappist shrine. Outside its walls were a small church and hostelry. On lifetime service there were two monks, allowed to communicate reservedly with the world. I handed one the note.

In a few minutes, a tall, dynamic Trappist, in a white robe, strode out of the monastery. "I have come out because I received word from my brother," he told us directly. "I know all about you, and I have many more like you hidden within my walls. However, as you know, it is beyond my power to offer sanctuary to a woman. You will stay here in the hostelry now, and tonight my brothers and I will devise a plan to help you."

The next morning a monk from the hostelry brought us a handful of ration cards, without which it would have been impossible to buy food. He also gave me another inscribed envelope flap. He told me to write down an address he gave me in Toulouse.

"Impossible! Impossible!" I muttered, feeling a chill creep up and down my spine.

"It is best," he said, gently. "It is the only way."

We walked, all night, through the countryside, each step, as it brought us nearer and nearer Toulouse, almost convincing me that we were walking into a lion's den. At daybreak, we boarded a suburban train to the city, hoping to evade police inspection, and succeeded. The address led us to an ancient stone building. Entering, we climbed a circular wooden stairway. A nun waited on a landing, and I gave her the envelope flap I'd received from the monk. She pointed to a massive pair of wrought-iron doors farther up the stairs. We climbed, entered a tiny reception room, and rang a bell. Immediately a door swung open.

Before us stood a living portrait by Titian. A handsome man in a black robe, with purple sash around his waist, purple silk stockings, black patent-leather shoes with high gold bows, and a magnificent amethyst ring on his hand. It was the Bishop. He smiled, and seated himself.

For two and a half hours he listened to our story. Then he arose. "You must be hungry," he said. "You will go now to a restaurant, and in the meantime I will try to find a place where you will be safe."

It was not without anxiety, nevertheless, that we made our way to the restaurant to which he directed us. But after being seated we noticed that the other occupants were, obviously, all government officials. Their restaurant would not be raided, of course.

On returning to the Bishop's chambers, we were introduced to an energetic little man, Dr. Parran, head of a Catholic insane asylum. And thus we learned the nature of our new home. "If you think about it, you will realize it is the safest place these days," Dr. Parran smiled.

We found there were other sane people in the asylum. We remained, acting the part of peaceful lunatics, nearly three months.

Then one day Dr. Parran summoned us and said he had just talked to the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyon. Sentiment in Spain, the Cardinal had informed him, was swerving toward the Allies. The doctor said he therefore advised us to plan our escape to Spain rather than to Switzerland, as we had

originally intended. There were many Spaniards, he said, exiles since the Spanish revolution, who knew the mountainous border region well, and were engaged in the highly profitable business of smuggling fugitives from France into Spain.

Circumstances, the very next day, compelled immediate action on the doctor's suggestion. He sent for us early in the morning. "I will bid you good-by," he said. "In 48 hours the Germans will take over not only this city, but the whole of still-unoccupied France."

He handed us "authentic" registration papers made out on the official paper of the city of Toulouse, told me to write down an address in Montpellier, then gave me half of a used child's greeting card, passport of the French underground.

"Strangely enough, this very hospital where you were so safe until now will be the hottest place in all Toulouse," he warned. "Because of my extensive underground activity, I will be hostage No. 1 of the German government. It means that I must leave my work and everyone dear to me, indefinitely. I wish you Godspeed." He left immediately, and we never saw him again.

But our excitedly planned departure the next morning was balked, for the Germans arrived ahead of schedule. Afraid to leave the asylum, we cringed within its walls for another week. Then one morning Dr. Parran's assistant brought us two railroad tickets for the first train to leave Toulouse carrying civilian passengers. At dawn,

we crept out and fearfully made our way to the railroad station, crowded with German soldiers and French police, apparently attempting to ignore each other. But no one accosted us. We boarded the train; then held our breath for hours.

The woman who answered the bell in Montpellier quickly made us feel at home. From a book in her library she withdrew half of a used child's greeting card which matched mine. "I have been expecting you," she said smilingly. "Dr. Parran sent you."

She was the daughter of a renowned writer and wife of another well-known Frenchman. She would arrange for us to meet an agent who, in turn, would tell us how to hire a guide to take us over the mountainous border region into Spain.

The agent supplied the desired information, and after elaborate instructions as to codes, signs, and subterfuges, we boarded the bus for Prat de Nolles, near the border. The ride was nerve-racking. Several incidents made us fear we would be dragged from the bus. But finally we reached Prat de Nolles, high in the Pyrenees. It was late, and the Hotel de Commerce was filled with boisterously drinking and singing peasants. We went to a special room, as we had been instructed. In a few minutes there was a knock at the door. It was a lean, shrewd-eyed young man.

"I am the guide. My name is Juan," he informed me. He said we had a few hours to sleep, since we would not leave until four in the morning.

It was pitch-dark and freezing cold at four o'clock, and the ground was covered with fresh snow and sheets of ice. Our guide walked so fast, we slipped and skidded trying to keep up with him, and soon we were sweating and panting as we scrambled over the tortuous trail. But finally, after seven heartbreaking hours, we came to a crude hut. Exhausted, we dropped to its earthen floor. Juan told us we could rest until sundown, as he didn't want to cross the border until dark. He left. It was nearly dark when he returned, and we set off again. Our weary, stiffened muscles almost made us cry out as we struggled desperately to keep up with him. After hours, he again halted. "Lie down and keep quiet!" he ordered, curtly. "We have crossed the border, but I must see if anyone is on guard at the customhouse."

We had crossed the border and hadn't even known it! We were on free land! Our long struggle to escape from Hitler-controlled Europe was ended! We should have cheered and shouted with joy! But our guide would not yet let us rest. In our perspiration-soaked

clothing, now rapidly freezing stiff, we staggered after him for two more hours.

"Wait, now," Juan commanded, as he prepared to leave us again. "I think we are far enough into Spain to be safe. I'll see if I can find you some food and perhaps some wine."

We waited, huddled close to each other in the snow. Suddenly the clear, biting stillness of the night was shattered by the barking of dogs. Almost instantly there was the sharp crack of a rifle shot.

My wife began to cry.

Juan did not return. Whether he'd been shot by the mountaineer whose food and wine he had sought, or by some roving bandit or border guard, we never found out. We lay still for a long time, afraid to make a sound, shivering and miserable. After a while, we cautiously crept to our feet and began aimlessly wandering, in a direction I hoped would bring us farther into Spain, rather than back to France.

Luck was with us. At noon we sighted a tiny mountain village. It proved to be Spanish.



He asked so many questions that he finally wore out his mother's patience. Even after she warned him that he must stop, he asked one more, and was promptly put to bed for his disobedience. Later, his mother tiptoed upstairs, knelt beside his bed, and told him she was sorry she had been so cross with him, adding, "Now, dear, if you want to ask one more question before you go to sleep, you may do so, and I will try to answer."

The boy did not have to think long. Using his opportunity for the one thing uppermost in his mind, he meekly asked, "Mamma, how far can a cat spit?"

Why Are You Afraid?

You needn't be

By MATTHEW G. MEEHAN, C.Ss.R.

Condensed from *Our Mother of Perpetual Help**

ARE you afraid of being "fenced in"? To judge by the wailing words of a recent top tune, some seemingly are afflicted with "cowboy's claustrophobia." Fortunately for factory, school and home, this phobia of being "fenced in" is not as contagious as the tune.

Claustrophobia is only one of many phobias fairly common among otherwise supposedly normal people. *Phobia* is a full-blooded Greek word which means fear. Psychiatry, the science of mental health, has taken that word and dressed it up, so that now phobia is not just any old fear. It is an unreasonable fear which constantly arises in certain definite situations. Since the number of possible situations is indefinite, so is the number of phobias. There are phobias of cats, dogs, mice; of high places, dark places, "fenced in" places; of certain persons, audiences, superstitions. In all similar situations, the fear only becomes a phobia when it is unreasonable and constant.

A phobia has four causes. There is first the material cause, made up of the person's total life experience: his joys, sorrows, dreams, defeats, and successes. The better the material, the fewer the phobias.

The formal cause is that which makes one phobia different from another, as one disease, like leprosy, is different from another, like tubercu-

losis. That difference in phobias depends on what started them, namely, the nature of the precipitating incident. If a child is forcibly thrown into the water to learn to swim or scared into being good by threats of being locked up, the resulting phobias will be of water and of confined places.

There is, thirdly, the efficient cause, which embraces two factors. The first is a sudden feeling of fear aroused by some startling incident, like falling from a high place or being attacked by a dog. The second is the already upset emotional state of the person the new fear suddenly strikes.

The final cause is found in the particular advantage resulting from the phobia. A sick child or adult sometimes has a phobia of being alone in a room. The final cause lurking behind the phobia may be simply to center all the family love, interest, and activity in himself. To the normal, clear-eyed person, such a situation is exasperating and foolish.

But for all their unreasonableness, phobias are not always easy to cure. The best cure, as with all disease, lies in prevention. And phobias are best prevented by a healthy, happy childhood. If children are blessed with level-headed, understanding parents, who avoid displays of mood and temper, who do not scare the child into obedi-

ence by fantastic threats and stories, who help their little ones to meet and conquer life's situations courageously, patiently, evenly, there is little danger of phobias developing. Such home life teaches the child by striking example the valuable lesson of emotional control and balance. And it is precisely that emotional control and balance which enable the normal adult to meet life's daily difficulties.

But what of the person in whom a phobia has unfortunately taken root? Can it be cured? In many cases the answer is a definite Yes. Some phobias, like those of early childhood, of darkness or water or meeting others, are cured by the normal, healthy contacts of teen-age and adult life. In this cure, social imitation seems an important element. When the child mixes with other boys and girls in school, at parties and games, and sees that others are not afraid of darkness or meeting people, they tend to imitate them. They realize how foolish their own conduct is. This might be called the social cure.

Other phobias are not so easily cured. They require a stronger fight and sometimes the adoption of a new philosophy. Take the young girl cited by Dr. Thomas Verner Moore in his book *Nature and Treatment of Mental Disorders*. She had a phobia of cancer and of death through cancer. It had been precipitated by her grandmother's death from the disease, and by exaggerated stories of the prevalence and danger of cancer. This factor, along with her general rundown condition at the time, was the efficient cause of her

phobia. She interpreted every little normal ache and pain as the harbinger of cancer. Only in college did she finally rid herself of this unhappy, incapacitating fear by forming a new outlook.

"When I began my college career in a Catholic college," she said, "I received excellent instruction in the idea of trusting myself entirely to God, who had but loaned me my life as a trust to do my best for Him during the years of trusteeship; when He wished to take me home again, He would. And thus I ceased to worry about dying, and the idea of cancer which had been dominant in my mind disappeared. I began to forget myself and put myself to the tasks of my studies, duties, recreations, and social interests."

Finally there are the deeply rooted phobias that need the help of the trained psychotherapist. In such cases the person is sometimes asked to write a brief history of his emotional difficulties. With this history and a system of "free association," the psychotherapist attempts to probe to the hidden unconscious cause of the phobia. Once that cause is brought to light and honestly faced, the victim is on the way to being cured. This method has been used with some success at the Child Clinic of the Catholic University of America.

In all cases where phobias are cured, either alone or with the help of others, there is presumed present "the will to get well." This "will to get well" is sometimes strangely lacking. These are the incurables: the persons who have a hidden motive or advantage that feeds the phobia and resists the cure.

Giant Among Giants

By ARTHUR DALEY

Condensed from the *Holy Name Journal**

The German ambush caught the patrol in a cross fire. The sergeant and a private failed to return. A more cautious officer would have sent a volunteer searching for them. But Lt. Al Blozis was not cautious. He went himself and never came back, dying a hero's death on a French battlefield.

Thus ended the life and athletic career of one of the most remarkable young men of this generation. I knew him well, knew him from the time he was a schoolboy shot-putter with nothing but size and grim determination. I said farewell to him in the clubhouse of the New York Football Giants a little more than a month before he was killed.

I watched him become the greatest shot-putter in the world. I watched him become potentially the all-time greatest tackle football ever had. I followed his career with great personal interest, there was so much to admire. He was tremendous in size and talent. But he was shy, modest, gentle, clean-living, God-fearing, a perfect Catholic gentleman, a model for any American boy.

Quite by accident, I was at hand when his big-time athletic career was launched. Some six or seven years ago Matt McGrath, one of the fabulous Irish-American "whales" and an Olympic champion, was studying a

gawky youngster who was trying to put the shot at the New York A.C. summer home on Travers island.

"Sure, there's something wrong there, lad," said Matt, slowly shaking his head. "And I can't for the life of me figure out what it is. You don't throw it far enough for a man your size. How much is it you'll be weighing?"

"About 247 pounds, sir," answered Big Al respectfully.

"And how tall is it you are?" asked Matt.

"Six feet six inches, sir," was the answer.

"And your age?"

"Just 20, sir."

"Glory be!" exclaimed Matt. Then he unfurled his plan. It was novel because it was something of a violation of all shot-putting precepts.

"Here's the idea then," declared Matt, his eyes brightening. "It might work because you're the biggest and fastest man I ever saw in the shot-put circle." There is no need to give technical details, but the fact remains that Big Al improved from a 50 to a 52-footer within a week. Within six months he was over 55 feet, breaking the old world record 12 times in all and winding up with the longest put any man ever made.

As a football player, Blozis improved

in the same fashion. He had been the line star at Georgetown university before he came to the Giants, but college football is child's play in comparison. He was raw and green in his "freshman" year but by the end of the season was one of the best tackles in the business. The next campaign he was unanimous selection for that super-All-America, the All-League team.

Then he was drafted. That was odd, because Big Al was so huge he had been turned down for every service when he tried to enlist. But Blozis didn't like what the Army was doing. It was making an athletic officer out of him, running soft-ball games, arranging schedules, and other harmless pastimes. It was safe and easy. But Blozis was not ordinary; that wasn't his idea of fighting. He immediately applied for transfer to the infantry.

In no time at all, someone recognized officer material. Off to school he was shipped, and emerged as a lieutenant. Meanwhile the 1944 pro season was continuing. Big Al arrived in New York on leave, and dashed up to the Polo Grounds, where his beloved Giants were holding practice.

Quietly he sneaked into the dressing room, climbed into his togs and dashed out on the field. Vic Carroll felt a tap on his shoulder. "Hey, Vic," growled a deep voice, "you're in my position. How about letting me in there?"

Vic almost swooned. So did "Stout Steve" Owen. So did the whole team. They pounded Big Al on the back and disrupted practice so long that "Stout Steve" had to call for overtime.

Blozis had intended to get merely a workout. But Owen's eyes glistened as he watched him. "I'd give ten years of my life," he remarked yearningly, "just to see you go down the field under a kickoff again." President Jack Mara, overhearing the conversation, snapped, "Don't be so wasteful, Steve. You can accomplish just as much by giving him a contract." It was done.

Big Al played only a couple of games. In his first, he went down under the opening kickoff, spilled most inelegantly. But on the next trip down he almost beheaded the ball-carrier, a typical Blozis play. One never would suspect he'd been away from the game the better part of a season. He picked up where he left off, a perfectly conditioned athlete with all his old-time zest for football's rugged give-and-take.

No lineman I've ever seen had the tremendous appeal and color of Blozis. I've spent entire games ignoring the ball-carrier and concentrating on him. Maybe he was mouse-trapped occasionally but more often he'd trap the trapper or heave him right into the man with the ball.

Yes, he had color. But he had character, too. The fiend incarnate on the football field was the mildest and nicest man off it. Al Blozis could have ducked the worst phases of this war, and no one would have been the wiser. But the man was true to himself. He had the only accurate standards. He's gone now and only the blue jersey with a bold 32 on it which hangs in the Giants' office is left as a memento of his passing. No Giant ever will wear 32 again.

Books of Current Interest

[Any of which can be ordered through us.]

Connolly, Terence L., S.J. **FRANCIS THOMPSON: IN HIS PATHS; a Visit to Persons and Places Associated with the Poet.** Milwaukee: Bruce. 203 pp., illus. \$2.75. Literary journey through the England Thompson knew. Landscapes, human contacts put beside the poems they evoked, to liven our appreciation of the latter.

643

Dorrance, Anne. **GREEN CARGOES.** *Garden City: Doubleday, Doran.* 187 pp. \$2. Story of the transportation of seeds and plants from their original homes to the four corners of the earth. Good chapter on native and naturalized plants in America.

643

Doyle, Charles Hugo. **THE LIFE OF POPE PIUS XII.** New York: Didier. 258 pp. \$3. Detailed biography of the present Pope from birth to 1944. Childhood, education, diplomatic career, years as papal secretary of state, and his wartime pontificate. Incident and anecdotes on every page.

643

Durkin, Joseph T., S.J., editor. **JOHN DOOLEY, CONFEDERATE SOLDIER, His WAR JOURNAL.** Washington, 7, D.C.: Georgetown University Press. 244 pp. \$3. Day-to-day record of soldier life which ends with Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. Tedium and heroics of camp and battle as a Catholic saw them.

643

MacLean, Donald A. **A DYNAMIC WORLD ORDER.** Milwaukee: Bruce. 235 pp. \$2.50. Social life on the international scale and the support it has to have in a Christian outlook. Well-considered statement of the Catholic conception of world brotherhood, freedom of trade and communications, sovereignty, minority rights, disarmament, world organization, world peace.

643

Martindale, Cyril C., S.J. **THE VOCATION OF ALOYSIUS GONZAGA.** New York: Sheed and Ward. 301 pp. \$2.50. Reissue of a work that rehabilitated a saint's dignity. Previous biographers had shorn him of his human qualities and given the impression that a vigorous temperament and warmth of feeling were incompatible with sanctity.

643

Maynard, Sara. **SCOTT AND HIS MEN.** Paterson, N. J.: St. Anthony Guild Press. 158 pp., illus. \$2. Story of a heroic and tragic expedition to the South Pole in 1912, much publicized at the time through the motion pictures which survived the men responsible for them. Boys will like the book, but the restrained style will recommend it equally to grownups.

643

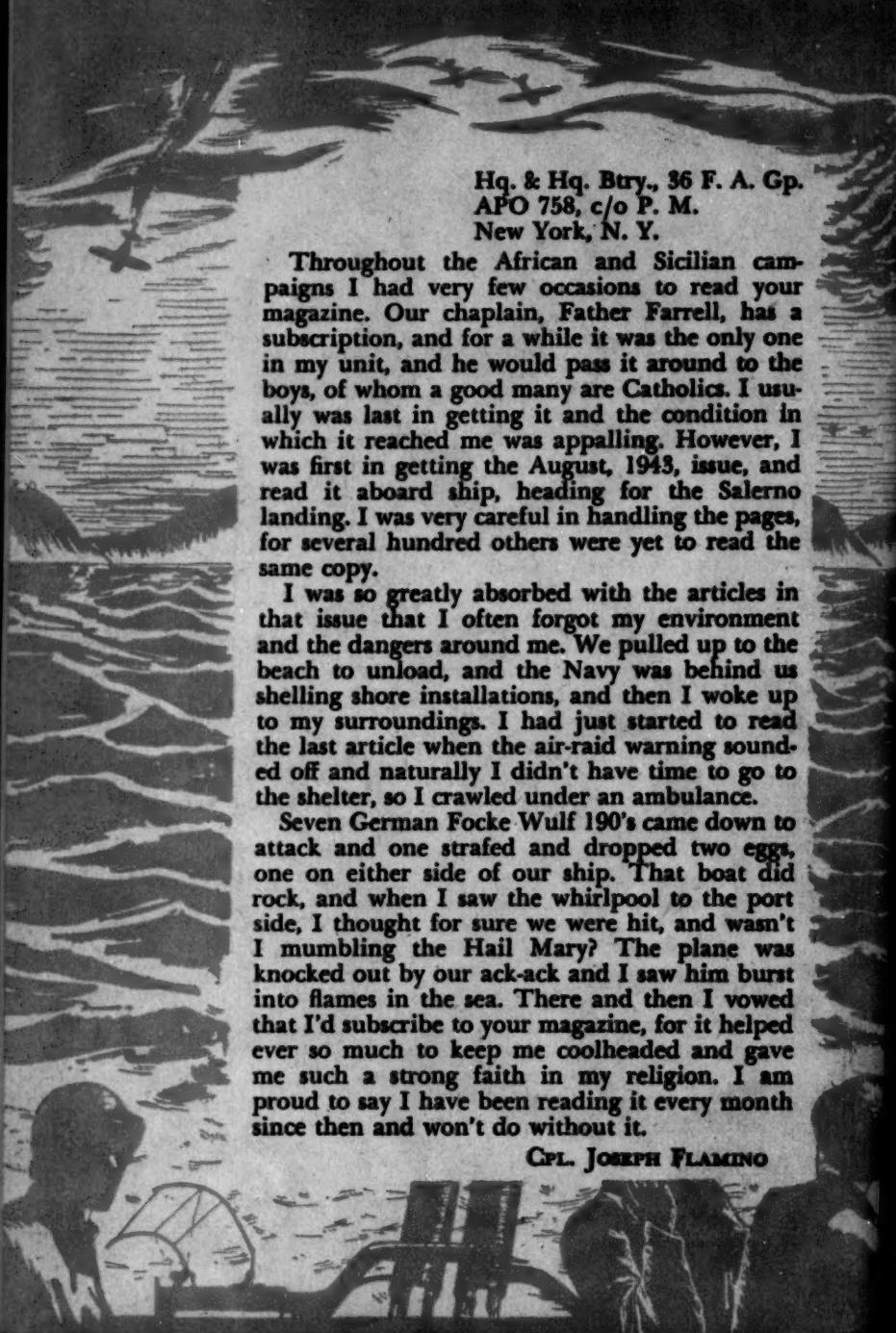
Monro, Margaret T. **ENJOYING THE NEW TESTAMENT.** New York: Longmans. 204 pp. \$2.50. Introduction to the historical setting and themes of the inspired Christian writings. Arranges a reading program that will cover all the books in a logical order within a 21-week period.

643

Roche, Aloysius. **BETWEEN OURSELVES.** New York: Longmans. 182 pp. \$2. Amusing essays on twists and faults of character we are inclined to gloss over as "natural" or "human," but which in truth make our humanity and nature less.

643

Sylvester, Harry. **DAYSPRING.** New York: Appleton-Century. 294 pp. \$2.75. A novel of a modern skeptic's search for truth. As provocative as *Lady-kinship Ways* and with as haunting a message. For grownups.



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APO 758, c/o P. M.
New York, N. Y.

Throughout the African and Sicilian campaigns I had very few occasions to read your magazine. Our chaplain, Father Farrell, has a subscription, and for a while it was the only one in my unit, and he would pass it around to the boys, of whom a good many are Catholics. I usually was last in getting it and the condition in which it reached me was appalling. However, I was first in getting the August, 1943, issue, and read it aboard ship, heading for the Salerno landing. I was very careful in handling the pages, for several hundred others were yet to read the same copy.

I was so greatly absorbed with the articles in that issue that I often forgot my environment and the dangers around me. We pulled up to the beach to unload, and the Navy was behind us shelling shore installations, and then I woke up to my surroundings. I had just started to read the last article when the air-raid warning sounded off and naturally I didn't have time to go to the shelter, so I crawled under an ambulance.

Seven German Focke Wulf 190's came down to attack and one strafed and dropped two eggs, one on either side of our ship. That boat did rock, and when I saw the whirlpool to the port side, I thought for sure we were hit, and wasn't I mumbling the Hail Mary? The plane was knocked out by our ack-ack and I saw him burst into flames in the sea. There and then I vowed that I'd subscribe to your magazine, for it helped ever so much to keep me coolheaded and gave me such a strong faith in my religion. I am proud to say I have been reading it every month since then and won't do without it.

CPL. JOSEPH FLAMINO